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# PLUCK AND LUCK

## NAPOLEON'S IRISH SPY OR LARRY THE LUGGER

AND OTHER STORIES

By GENL JAS. A. GORDON



Before the spy could utter another word his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols were turned up to the ceiling, as a manly voice cried: "Avast there, my beauty. You are not master here now."

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# PLUCK AND LUCK

## Stories of Adventure

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# NAPOLEON'S IRISH SPY

OR

## LARRY THE LUGGER

By GEN. JAS. A. GORDON

### AN INTRODUCTION.

#### VERY BRIEF AND VERY NECESSARY.

In the year 1804, Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France, and the greatest general of modern times, made extensive preparations for invading England.

He collected an immense army at Boulogne and other points opposite the white cliffs of England, every harbor in France was supplying him with gunboats and vessels of transportation, and all the arsenals in the country were at work casting cannon balls and bullets.

The English people were fearfully alarmed over the threatened invasion.

They feared the great Corsican, who had defeated the best armies of the greatest nations of Europe, and they knew full well that he had powerful reasons for being incensed against the ruling powers of England.

And, oh, didn't the English hate Napoleon and the French at the time: and, in good truth, there is not much love lost between the two nations in our day.

The writers of England described Napoleon as a vile robber, and a perfect monster in human form.

If a woman desired to hush a crying child to sleep, she would whisper:

"Hush—hush—or Bonaparte will come."

If an ignorant peasant lost a sheep or a pig, his wife would cry:

"The robber Bonaparte has taken it."

When a murder was committed on the highway, the simple people would cry:

"This is more of Bonaparte's murderous work."

With all their hatred for Napoleon and the French, there were three articles coming from that country to which the English were very much addicted indeed.

The English ladies would wear French silks, no matter how high the duty.

Englishmen of high and low degree would drink French brandy.

And there were plenty of English men and women who acted as spies for Napoleon for the love of French gold.

The daring smugglers who plied between the two coasts furnished the two former articles to the daughters and sons of Albion, thereby cheating the English government out of its revenues.

And those same smugglers often conveyed the French gold to the spies in England.

As those spies were generally unprincipled characters, Napoleon could not always rely on the information given by them, and he was ever on the lookout for brave, able, and faithful agents who would serve him out of pure admiration and devotion.

While the people of England regarded Napoleon as a monster of iniquity, the sons and daughters of Erin almost worshiped him.

They looked upon "Boney" as the inveterate foe of England, and for that reason alone he commanded their love and their admiration.

Besides, it was generally believed in Ireland that the great Corsican would lead a powerful French army into the oppressed land and drive the hated Saxon invaders into the sea.

Many adventurous Irishmen served Napoleon on land and sea.

The southern and western coasts of Ireland, in particular, furnished many hardy and active fellows for the French naval service, as well as to man the daring privateers who preyed on the English commerce.

The Irish smugglers of those days were famous for their desperate exploits and their hair-breadth escapes.

When France was at peace with England, the Irish adventurers would confine themselves to cheating the English Government by running in cargoes of brandy and silks.

And wouldn't they fight if cornered by an armed revenue cutter!

At times of war, many of the smuggler captains would procure French letters-of-marque, and they would then attack English merchantmen, as well as work their old trade.

As many of those smuggler captains were gentlemen of education and training, they were often selected by Napoleon to carry out enterprises requiring extraordinary ability and cunning, combined with undoubted courage and keen foresight.

At the time of the contemplated invasion, it was more important than ever for the French emperor to obtain correct information in reference to the movements of the English land and sea forces, and also as regarded the fortifications along the coast.

It was also necessary for him to test the utility of his gunboat flotillas as against the towering English frigates, of which the islanders were then so justly proud.

Napoleon soon found an opportunity of pitting his little war-vessels against some of the "wooden walls" of England.

And he conceived a bold project, by which he could procure the best information concerning the defenses along the English coast.

When it is understood that we are about to relate the adventures of one of the most daring spirits engaged in those hazardous enterprises, an apology for this introduction will not be necessary.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A NAVAL COMBAT AND A HAZARDOUS EXPEDITION.

"What is the cause of that firing outside, Admiral Bois?"

The question was asked by Napoleon on a certain afternoon in August, in the year 1804.

The emperor was out in the roadstead at Boulogne in his barge, and he was inspecting a line of gunboats.



An English squadron, numbering over twenty vessels-of-war, was moored outside, at some distance from the shore.

One large ship had detached herself from the main fleet, and she was moving in towards the shore under full sail.

"I imagine, sir," answered the admiral, "that the English ship is endeavoring to capture some vessel steaming in here along the shore."

Napoleon placed a telescope to his eyes, and gazed seaward along the coast.

"You are right, admiral," he cried. "I see the little vessel now, and she is creeping along the shore. We have seen that craft before."

The admiral was also watching the small vessel gliding along under the cliffs, and he turned to Napoleon and said, almost in a whisper:

"'Tis Captain Lucey's lugger, sire."

"Do you say as much?"

"I am certain of it, sire. I recognize the private signal. I fear the daring smuggler will be captured."

"He must not be captured!" cried Napoleon, rising in the barge. "Admiral, order four of the gunboats to attack the Englishman."

The English vessel was then steering in towards the harbor for the purpose of cutting off the lugger, and her guns were booming away at the audacious blockade-runner, who was attempting to pass into the harbor in the broad daylight, and in the face of her vigilant enemies.

At a signal from the admiral, four of the gunboats hoisted sail and bore out towards the English vessel.

"We will out with them," said Napoleon, "and witness the encounter. Send out a few more gunboats, Admiral Bois, and then make all sail for the English vessel."

"But, sire, you will remember the risk."

"It is our pleasure. Steer right into the midst of the gunboats."

The gunboats in advance were already bearing down on the English vessel, and firing away at her, when the emperor's magnificent barge sailed rapidly out towards them.

When the English admiral outside saw that his ship was about to be attacked by the gunboats, he ordered a frigate and several brigs to proceed to her assistance.

"Let four of the gunboats engage that frigate, admiral," cried Napoleon, "and we will proceed with them."

"I beg you to remember, sire," protested the admiral, "that your barge will be a conspicuous mark for the enemy's guns."

"We run no greater risk than any of your brave sailors. The enemy's bullets did not strike us at Lodi or Arcola. Sail for the English frigate without delay."

The admiral then steered the imperial barge right into the midst of the gunboats engaged with the frigate.

The imperial boat was brilliantly decorated with flags and banners, and the captain of the frigate suspected that Napoleon was on board.

"Reserve a broadside," he cried, "and we will send the Corsican usurper to the bottom of the sea. Will he dare approach?"

The barge kept on its course for the frigate, and Napoleon was in the act of examining his formidable foe through a telescope, when a broadside was discharged at them.

Then a storm of leaden hail burst on the waters around the imperial barge, lashing the waves into foam, yet not a soul on board was even injured by the balls.

The sailors in the barge, and those on board the gunboats, set up a shout of joy a few moments after, and then the general cry was:

"He is as brave on sea as he is on land! Long live Napoleon!"

The other gunboats of the fleet bore out rapidly, and the English vessels were furiously assailed with showers of bullets and grape.

The frigate was soon riddled, and almost disabled, and she put out to sea to escape capture by her bitter assailants.

The ship and the brigs were seriously damaged also, and they soon retreated in the wake of the frigate, one of the brigs sinking before gaining the open sea.

Napoleon was more than delighted with the battle, as the loss on his side was only two killed and seven wounded, while the enemy had fifteen killed and sixty wounded.

"We are now assured," he cried, "that the boasted fleets of England cannot stay our journey across the channel."

The little lugger was overlooked during the hot engagement, yet she played her own part in the experimental strife.

While the gunboats were engaged with the large vessels, the

lugger steered out from the shore and attacked one of the brigs in the boldest manner.

The brig thus assailed was the one that went down after the combat.

When Napoleon reached his headquarters in Boulogne, one of his officers said:

"A young sailor awaits an audience, sire, and he intimates that he is the bearer of important dispatches."

"Show him in at once, and look to it that we are not interrupted," said Napoleon, as he flung himself on an easy-chair. And then he muttered to himself:

"Who can this youth be? In truth, there will be consternation in England when the result of to-day's fight is announced."

The officer returned very soon with a handsome youth in sailor's garb.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Napoleon, as he fixed his penetrating eyes on the stranger.

"My name is Lawrence Lucey, sire, and Captain Lucey of the Night Hawk is my father," answered the youth, as he drew a packet from his breast. "He commanded me to place this document in your hands."

The young man bent his knee as he presented the packet, and then drew back.

"Why did Captain Lucey not come himself?" asked Napoleon.

"He was wounded, sire, in the recent fight."

"Not seriously, we hope."

"He was struck in the head, sire, by a spent cannon ball, while attacking one of the brigs, and he remains insensible. The surgeon asserts that he will soon recover."

"We trust so. Who commands his little vessel while he is disabled?"

"I do, sire?"

"You are very young. What is your experience at sea?"

"I have sailed with my father since I was four years old."

"And how old are you now?"

"Past eighteen, sire."

"You do not appear as much, as your face is very youthful. You know the English coast well?"

"As well as my father, sire."

"Have you traveled in England?"

"I have acted as my father's messenger to our agents in London for the past four years."

"Did you bear this dispatch from thence?"

"I did, sire."

"Were you disguised?"

"Yes, sire."

"What disguise did you assume?"

"That of a young woman on the last occasion, sire."

The young man blushed as he made the answer, and Napoleon smiled as he said:

"In truth, your face is feminine in appearance. Have you a brave heart?"

"I have never faltered in the hour of danger, sire, and I am ready to face a thousand deaths in your behalf."

"Fairly answered, in truth. Do you travel in other disguises when in England?"

"I have been compelled to adopt several in escaping from suspicious English officials and the spies of that government, sire."

"Are you willing to give us some instructions in the disguising art?"

"I am fully at your service, sire. Yet I would aver that it will be a difficult task to disguise your noble features."

"You are a flatterer; but you may be mistaken as to the disguising. Are you prepared to undertake a very hazardous expedition in our behalf very soon?"

"This instant, sire."

"Be seated until I peruse those dispatches, and we will consult again on the subject."

The young man obeyed, and Napoleon proceeded to read the dispatches.

In the darkness of that night the little smuggling vessel stole out of the harbor, and passed through the English fleet in safety.

As the Night Hawk sailed by the last of the warships, three persons were standing on her deck watching the receding lights of the large ship, and one of them remarked:

"I think we are now safe in the open sea. Pauline, you may retire to rest."

The speaker was a little old man, with a large white beard and hair of the same color, and he was addressing a lovely young girl of about seventeen years of age.

The old man was dressed in a sailor suit much the worse for



wear, a battered tarpaulin covered his head, and he wore a pair of colored spectacles on his somewhat prominent nose.

The young girl was in very plain attire, and her face was almost covered by a large, plain bonnet, such as was worn by the young women of the humbler class at the time.

"Oh, cannot I remain on deck a little while longer?" she asked, "I could not rest while there is any danger."

"There is no more danger now, noble lady," said Larry Lucey, who formed the third of the little group. "At least, till we reach the other coast."

"Do not say noble lady," said the old man. "Remember that I am plain Monsieur Le Clare, a fugitive Bourbon, and this is my daughter, Pauline. We are flying from France to escape from the tyranny of that vile usurper, Napoleon."

"I will not forget again, monsieur," said the young sailor; "you will be certain of a hearty welcome in England."

"And are you not to be my brother in our wanderings?"

As the young girl asked the question, she gave the youth a merry smile, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Retire to rest, Pauline," said the old man, in commanding tones. "I will see you to the cabin."

Taking the young girl by the arm, the old man led her away, as he remarked to the young sailor:

"If any danger arises, I trust you will inform us."

"I will, monsieur."

The young sailor then continued to pace the deck for some moments, as he muttered to himself:

"This is an extraordinary adventure, indeed, but I relish it. What a charming girl she is, to be sure."

The youth walked back to give some directions to the man at the helm; and he had scarcely turned his back from the spot where he had been standing with the others when a man stole from behind a barrel and sneaked forward, muttering:

"Your fortune is made, Ralph Dale, and you but play your points well. I have not been serving as a smuggler for three months for nothing."

The man was one of the bravest and ablest of the secret agents employed by the English Government, and he was as true as steel to the cause he served.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

"You fear we are suspected, then?"

"I do, monsieur."

"Learn to call me father. Why are you thus suspicious?"

"I cannot well explain, but I feel that we are watched."

"Could any of your crew betray us? Are they not all of your own country, and attached to the French cause?"

"There are a few Dutchmen, and they are too stupid in political affairs to trouble themselves in such matters. All the others are Irish, and I will pledge my life on their loyalty to the cause of France."

"Is it not possible for an English spy to get among you, by pretending that he is of your country?"

"It is barely possible."

"Then, are there not Irishmen who are as bitter against Napoleon as the English?"

"Very true, but my father has been very careful in recruiting his crew."

Monsieur Le Clare and his daughter were seated in the private room of a village inn, some six miles from the English city of Dover, and Larry Lucey was standing before them.

It was on the night after their escape through the English fleet off Boulogne.

The old man and the young people had entered some two hours before, and they soon gave out that they were French refugees who had incurred the enmity of Bonaparte.

There were many such refugees in England at the time, and they were well received by the people because of their hatred of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The old man and the young people, who passed as brother and sister, were dressed as humble citizens, and they pretended that they had very little money, until they would receive assistance from French friends in London.

Therefore, it was necessary for them to remain at the inn for some days, at least.

The old man and the young girl spoke English very imperfectly, while the young sailor managed to express himself in

language that could be easily understood by the people of the inn, although he spoke with a decided French accent.

The old man pondered awhile, placing his hands on his brow in a peculiar manner, ere he said:

"It is impossible for us to have been betrayed, unless one of your crew is the traitor. We have been too careful."

"Then what would you advise, monsieur—father?" asked the young sailor.

"You must take steps for discovering the traitor. If you are assured that there is danger, we will return to the little vessel at once, and return to France."

"I beg that you will return at once. Our little vessel——"

"We will not be frightened by suspicions ere our mission is half completed. Return to the vessel as soon as possible, and make an investigation. Have you permitted any of your men to come on shore?"

"I left strict orders for each and all to remain on board, to be ready to sail on a moment's notice."

"And the cove where she lies is a secret hiding-place, you say?"

"Tis but known to the smugglers of the coast and their trusted friends, I can fully assure you."

"Then you will proceed to the vessel at once, without exciting suspicion here. If any one of your crew be absent, he is a traitor."

"Pray, remember the great risk you will run by remaining——"

"We must risk it. Pauline, can you find your way back to the cove?"

"Assured, father. My brother instructed me fully as we came along to-day, and while you were observing——"

"That is enough. If danger really threatens in your absence, my son, my daughter and I will hasten to the cove. Now, away with you!"

The young sailor left the apartment and hastened down to the barroom, where several men were sitting around.

Giving the landlord to understand that he had a bad headache, Larry then strolled out towards the cliffs.

The night was dark, but as he was acquainted with the path, he found no difficulty in making his way.

When he had proceeded about a mile from the inn, he stood and peered back, fearing that he might be followed.

Sure enough, he soon perceived a man walking along the path towards him.

"This may be a spy," said Larry. "I will turn back a little ways."

He did turn back, and he was soon standing face to face with a tall, powerful-looking man, who wore a full reddish beard, and who was dressed in the garb of a fisherman.

"I want a word with you, young sir," said the tall stranger, as he kept the narrow path in front of Larry.

"What do you want to say, monsieur?"

"I want to warn you, and to save you from death, Lawrence Lucey. Stop your French lingo with me."

The young sailor started, and stared at the stranger in surprise, as he cried:

"You have the advantage of me, sir, as I don't know you."

"But I know you, and I wish to serve you. Will you take a friend's advice?"

"How do I know that you are my friend? What is your advice?"

"The mere fact that I warn you should tell you that I am your friend. My advice is—go at once to the Hidden Cove and set sail in the lugger."

"I cannot take your advice. Who and what are you?"

"I am an agent of the English Government, and I am employed in hunting down all suspected persons."

"Then, knowing what I am, why do you spare me?"

"Because you once saved my life, at the great risk of your own, and I am one that can never forget a kindness."

The young sailor looked sharply at the stranger again, and then said:

"I don't ever remember seeing you in my life before. When and where did I save your life?"

"In the Bay of Bantry, one stormy night two months ago."

"You surprise me more and more, sir," said the young sailor. "How did I do it?"

"By jumping overboard from the lugger into the stormy sea, and swimming to my assistance when I was sinking for the third time."

"In heaven's name, who are you, then?"

"My real name is Ralph Dale. You knew me on board the lugger as Tom Carroll."

Larry Lucey drew back, and placed his hand inside his coat,



as if to draw forth a weapon; but the spy had him covered on the instant with a pistol, as he cried:

"If you attempt to draw, I will be compelled to take your life. Don't be a madman, but take my advice."

"I cannot desert my friends," answered Larry, "and I would hate to take your life, after what you have said, traitor and spy though you are. Can we not compromise, as becomes brave and honorable men?"

"I am a spy like yourself, young man," replied the man, in unrelenting tones, "but I can never be a traitor to the cause I serve. I will gladly allow you to depart in peace, because I esteem you highly."

"Will you allow those who accompanied me here to depart with me?"

"No—no, a thousand noes! Not if you offered me all the wealth of the Indies."

"And I will not desert them," cried Larry, "if my life were endangered a million times. Do you know them?"

The spy chuckled to himself, and then replied:

"I imagine I do."

"Then, I suppose they are already watched and surrounded at the inn?"

"Not yet, Captain Lucey. I aspire to the honor of effecting their capture single-handed."

"And I aspire to the honor of defending them single-handed."

As the young sailor uttered the words, he made a sudden spring at the stalwart spy, and struck the pistol from his grasp.

The next moment and the two spies were locked together in close embrace.

"Larry Lucey," cried the Englishman, "you are a fool to attempt to cope with me. One effort on my part, and I would hurl you to the waves below."

"Be not too sure of that," cried the youth, as he planted his feet firmly on the ground, and prepared for a deadly struggle.

"Will you not accept my offer and escape? By George, I cannot bear to take you prisoner."

"I will not accept your offer. Take me prisoner if you can."

"Then, here goes."

The English spy put forth his strength and attempted to fling Larry to the ground.

If that sailor youth did have a girlish face, there was nothing womanly in his muscular arms and active legs.

After they were struggling on the edge of the cliff for a few moments, Ralph Dale, to his intense astonishment, found himself lifted from the ground and then hurled thereon with great force.

"You are in my power now!" cried Larry Lucey, as he placed a knee on the prostrate man's breast and a pistol at his head, "but I will spare your life if you promise to do my bidding."

"What would you have me do?"

"Swear to me that you will not molest my friends, or give any information against them."

"I will not do it."

"Then, I will be compelled to take your life," said Larry, in determined tones, "and, goodness knows, I hate to take any one's life in cold blood, much less a man who offered to do me such great kindness as you have done."

"I can't help it if you kill me, but I will not be false to my trust, and I am not beaten yet, by long odds."

As Ralph Dale spoke, he made a violent effort, dashed the pistol from Larry's hand, pushed him back, and then sprang to his feet.

The English spy was scarcely on his feet, however, when the Irish youth was clasping him again.

Another violent struggle ensued on the edge of the cliff, and now each of the combatants felt that it was a struggle for life or death indeed.

Ralph Dale attempted to strike Larry some stunning blows, but the youth caught his arm each time, and clasped it again in his vise-like embrace.

"Who could imagine that you could have such strength?" gasped the stalwart man; "but you cannot throw me again."

"There you go now," cried Larry, as he gave his opponent a peculiar trip, lifted him in the air, as before, and then hurled him to the ground with a cry of exultation.

But that joyous cry was turned into one of horror, as the generous Irish youth saw his would-be preserver falling over the cliff into the wave-washed rocks over a hundred feet below.

Not a cry escaped from the victim during that dreadful descent, and it was some moments before Larry had the courage to peer down into the darkness.

"I cannot see anything of him," he muttered, "and he must have been dashed to pieces on the rocks. May Heaven have mercy on his soul, if he was an English spy, for he was a true man to those he served, and he had a grateful heart."

Then the young sailor listened for some moments.

Not hearing any unusual sound, he turned away from the fatal spot with a deep sigh, as he continued to mutter:

"I must go back and warn my friends. We must leave this coast to-night."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A THRILLING SCENE IN THE INN.

When Larry Lucey entered the inn again, he was, to all outward appearances, as calm as when he left it.

Proceeding upstairs, he knocked at the door of the room then occupied by the old man and Pauline.

Much as he endeavored to control his feelings, however, the old man's keen eyes at once detected that something was wrong, and he said:

"What now? You have not been to the cove since you left us?"

Larry then stated, in a brief and modest manner, the incidents on the cliff, and the others listened with intense attention, the young girl displaying great emotion.

The old man pondered again on the conclusions of the narrative, while the young girl fixed a pair of admiring eyes on Larry, as she muttered aloud in French:

"Is he not so very brave, and yet so unassuming?"

After some moments the old man raised his eyes to Larry's, and asked:

"You say the spy was ambitious of being the sole instrument in our capture?"

"So he asserted, mons—father."

"Did you believe him?"

"I feel assured that he did not utter a single untruth."

"Then there is no danger to us, now that he is dead."

"I would pray that you return to France this very night. If the spy was keen enough to recognize you, may not others penetrate your disguise?"

"The spy must have overheard us on board your vessel, or he would never have penetrated through my disguise. I will remain to fulfil my mission."

"I am your humble servant, and at your service. 'Tis not for my own safety that I tremble, but——"

The young man hesitated as he turned his eyes from the old man to the young girl.

"I am well aware," said the old man, "that you do not value your own life while serving us. That you are nervous for our sakes only, I understand. Yet you must not be alarmed at all. The spy is dead, and we are perfectly safe now."

"The spy is not dead, and you are not perfectly safe now," said a calm voice, in French, as the door was pushed open. "You are both my prisoners, messieurs."

Larry Lucey turned and uttered an exclamation of astonishment as he beheld Ralph Dale entering the room with a pistol in each hand.

Those pistols were aimed at the old man and young sailor, as the spy continued to approach them, saying:

"I asserted that I would have the honor of capturing you single-handed, and I mean to keep my word. Young man, I bear no enmity to you for the accident."

"On my honor, I did not intend to fling you over," gasped Larry.

"You did not fling me over. I was somewhat stunned, and I rolled over. Monsieur, you do not seem alarmed."

The last words were addressed to the old man, who was looking up at the spy without evincing the slightest emotion.

"I am not alarmed in the least," he replied. "My daughter, will you please close the door. Pray, be seated, monsieur."

The old man spoke and acted as if he were in his own peaceful home, and about to entertain a welcome guest.

Larry was fearfully agitated, and the blood mounted to his face, while his eyes were flashing as he clenched his hands in a nervous manner.

Pauline cast her flashing eyes on the old man when the armed spy entered, and she was about to utter an exclamation of surprise, when his warning gesture stopped the utterance.

As the young girl arose to close the door, Ralph Dale backed towards it, saying in his calm, determined way:

"I will save you the trouble, young lady. Pray keep your seat."

And with a back movement of his foot the spy closed the door.

Keeping his pistols still presented at the two males, the spy continued:



"I trust you will not give me any unnecessary trouble, or compel me to resort to dire extremities. You will walk out of this room as my prisoners, or you will be borne hence as dead men."

"Is the young lady your prisoner also?" asked the old man, in matter-of-fact tones.

"She is not. I do not make war on ladies unless I know that they are engaged in plots against our government. This young lady is free to depart."

"Is it not possible to compromise for this gentleman's release as well?" asked Larry, as he turned his imploring eyes on the spy.

"You had my answer on the cliff. Even now you may depart with the young lady. This gentleman will remain my prisoner, even were an angel from heaven to intercede for him."

"The gentleman does not even intercede for himself," said the old man. "Are you aware who I am?"

"Fully."

"Then you hope to gain a princely reward by my capture?"

"I hope to gain a princely reward, as well as the honor of capturing my country's greatest enemy, monsieur."

"You are selfish in not sharing the honor and the reward with others."

"I am ambitious, it is true. Will you depart, Lawrence Lucey?"

"I will not," replied the young sailor, in dogged tones.

"Will you depart, young lady?" asked the spy, as he turned his eyes on Pauline.

"I will not. I will share the danger with my friends."

"Then I request that you will both proceed downstairs with me. Is it necessary that I should summon—"

Before the spy could utter another word his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols were turned up to the ceiling, as a manly voice cried:

"Avast there, my beauty. You are not master here now."

"'Tis my brave father," gasped Larry. "Thank heaven, the emperor is saved!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### NAPOLEON IN GREAT PERIL.

"Thank heaven, the emperor is saved!"

As Larry Lucey uttered the exclamation, he sprang forward, and clapped both hands on Ralph Dale's mouth to prevent him from raising an alarm-cry.

The youth's father continued to hold the man's hands up toward the ceiling, as he hissed into his ear from behind:

"If you fire you are a dead man. We won't have any nonsense, Phil Carroll, or whatever your name may be."

The English spy did not manifest the least alarm after he was seized, but he kept glaring at Napoleon as if desirous of speaking to that far-famed man.

"Take your hands off his mouth," said the emperor, in calm tones, as he kept his seat at the table. "You will be wise to surrender at once, monsieur. Captain Lucey, have you assistance at hand? Remember I am known here as Monsieur Le Clare."

"I have thirty hearty fellows within the sound of my whistle, monsieur."

"That is well," rejoined the emperor. "How came you to our assistance?"

"We missed this fellow from the lugger, and, fearing treachery, we hastened here. Give up the pistols, will you?"

"I will," was Ralph Dale's prompt reply, as he surrendered the weapons to Larry. "I see that I am beaten again."

"And I see that you are a wise man," said Napoleon. "How did you discover who we were?"

"I overheard you conversing on board of the lugger last night."

"Then you know our object in visiting this part of the coast?"

"I do. You came here to inspect the harbors and the defenses."

"Have we no other object in view?"

"I cannot answer you. 'Tis sufficient for me to know that you are my country's most powerful and bitter enemy."

"What would you have done with us had we fallen into your hands?"

"I would have turned you over to the military authorities."

"What do you expect will be your own fate now?"

"Death, I presume."

"Why did you not consult with the authorities and procure assistance before you attempted our capture?"

"Because I was a vain fool. I hoped to gain the honor and the reward without any other assistance."

"If we permitted you to go free now, would you molest us again?"

"Assuredly I would."

"Would you attempt to arrest us without any assistance?"

"I cannot say."

The emperor then turned toward the old smuggler, and asked:

"How will we dispose of this person, Captain Lucey?"

"We'll take him out in the lugger, tie a couple hundred pounds of lead to his body, and drop him in the channel."

"Not with my consent, father," said Larry Lucey, in emphatic tones.

"Is he not a treacherous spy, my son?"

"Nevertheless, he acted a very manly part with me, sir, and I pray that he will not be put to death."

"But it would be madness to set him free while we are in England."

"I would not advise setting him free while we are in England. We can keep him a prisoner on board the lugger until we return to France again."

"'Tis a great risk," objected the old smuggler, as he cast an anxious glance at the emperor. "If he should escape in any way, just think of the great risk you would run, Monsieur Le Clare."

"We have thought of it, and yet we would not put the man to death. Can you convey him to the lugger without attracting the attention of the people about here?"

The old smuggler was about to reply, when a timid knock was heard on the door of the room.

"Place him in that closet," said Napoleon, "and keep guard over him."

The old smuggler and his son forced the prisoner into a huge closet at the side of the room, while the former whispered into his ear:

"Open your mouth to give an alarm, and you are a dead man."

Ralph Dale felt the muzzle of a pistol at the side of his head. He knew the man with whom he had to deal, and he did not attempt to open his lips.

"See who is at the door, Pauline," said Napoleon, when the door of the closet closed on the smugglers and their prisoner.

The young girl complied at once, and the old landlord appeared, saying:

"May it please you, sir, Colonel Rogers requests to see you."

"Colonel Rogers see me! I know not one Colonel Rogers, monsieur," said the disguised emperor, in apparent surprise.

"The colonel commands the soldiers stationed at the next town, and he has charge of this district along here."

"Very good. Why he see me?"

"I will answer for myself, monsieur," said a tall officer, speaking in French, as he entered the room, bowing to the disguised emperor and the young girl. "I understand that you are French refugees, and that you landed on this coast this morning."

"That is the truth, Colonel Rogers. Will you be seated?" answered Napoleon, rising to receive his visitor. "Do you regard us as suspicious persons, I pray you?"

"We are compelled to be very careful at the present time. May I ask you how you came over from France?"

"We came over in a smuggling vessel. We would have proceeded direct to London, where we have friends, were it not that our funds were almost exhausted."

"Do you bear letters to any prominent French refugees now in England?"

"We do not, for the reason that if we were arrested by Napoleon's spies in France such documents would be our death-warrants."

"Have you yet written to your French friends in London?"

"This very afternoon, colonel. We expect answers by the return mail."

"May I inquire the names of your friends?"

The disguised emperor gave the names of two of his special agents in London, and who were supposed to be his enemies.

After putting a few more questions, Colonel Rogers arose to leave the room, saying:

"I will be compelled to detain you here as prisoners until I hear from the persons you mention. My soldiers will guard the house and prevent your escape therefrom. We cannot be too particular at this time, when Napoleon Bonaparte threatens to invade us. Where is your son at the present moment?"

"I believe he is walking on the cliff."



"He will be placed under close arrest. If you or your daughter attempt to leave the inn, you will be arrested, monsieur. When your position is fully proved, you will not be under any restraint. Good-night."

The officer left the room, closing the door after him, while the young girl turned a pair of anxious eyes on the emperor.

One gesture from the emperor warned her to be silent, and he listened to the retreating footsteps on the stairs.

There was not the least sound from the closet, though the occupants thereof must have overheard every word uttered in the room.

The colonel had scarcely reached the lower floor of the inn when heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs, and Napoleon muttered aloud:

"He is placing sentinels in the hall outside the door. Look out of the window, Pauline. The situation is becoming critical."

The young girl looked out of the window, and then returned to the emperor, whispering:

"The house is surrounded by armed men, sire, and——"

"Call me father, girl. A single incautious word will betray us now. Close the shutters, as the eyes of spies may be on us."

When the window-shutters were closed, Napoleon arose and advanced to the closet door, saying, in very subdued tones:

"You have heard the officer, captain?"

"We have, monsieur. The Philistines are out after us in earnest," answered the old smuggler.

"The house is surrounded by soldiers. What would you advise?"

"I'll summon my men, we'll cut our way through the red-coats, and escape to the lugger."

"Too dangerous for monsieur altogether, father," protested the young man. "We have bound and gagged the prisoner, mons—father."

"That is well. What would you advise, then, my son?" asked Napoleon.

"Oh, it is so difficult to advise when so great a life is at stake. Cannot your superior wisdom guide us?"

"Remain, then, and I will ponder on the situation, my brave friends. Be not alarmed for me, as it is not ordained that I will fall into the hands of my English enemies."

"It would be terrible if you did," said the old smuggler, "and we are prepared to die to effect your escape from them."

Napoleon had scarcely taken a seat at the table again, when Colonel Rogers abruptly entered the room, saying:

"I am informed that two men called on you in this apartment to-night, Monsieur Le Clare, and that they have not appeared below since. Who are they, and what has become of them?"

"In truth, colonel, they were two sailors from the smuggler vessel in which I came over," the disguised emperor promptly answered. "I presume they retired from the house without being perceived by any of the inmates."

"What was their business here with you?"

"They came to bear a private message from the captain of the lugger."

"Where is that lugger now?"

"I presume she is out at sea, as the sailors stated that they were on the eve of sailing when they were here?"

"Are you certain that they are not still in this house, monsieur? I have reason to believe that I am acquainted with one of the men, and I desire to see him."

As the officer spoke, he cast a suspicious eye at the closet.

"You are at liberty to search, colonel," replied Napoleon, in careless tones.

"I will search. Sergeant!"

"At your command, colonel," replied a soldier who stood at the open door.

"Open that closet and see if any one is concealed there."

Not a muscle of the emperor's face moved as the soldier strode to the closet door and pulled it open.

The young girl trembled violently, as she expected to see the desperate smugglers dashing out at their enemies to engage in mortal strife, and she muttered to herself:

"The emperor is lost if the spy is not killed before he can utter a word to betray who he is."

The soldier drew the closet door open, so that the officer could look in, as he cried:

"There's no one concealed there, colonel."

"Enter and examine it well."

The soldier did enter, sword in hand, and he made a tour of the small apartment before he appeared at the door again, saying:

"The closet is empty, colonel."

"Take a file of men and proceed to search the house from bottom to top. I will accompany you, sergeant."

The officer cast his eyes on the young girl as he was about to leave the room, and he paused abruptly, as he asked:

"Why are you so agitated, young lady?"

"My child has recently passed through many perils, and she is very nervous," answered the pretended father.

"You do not appear to be at all alarmed yourself, monsieur."

"Because I fully realize that we are not in any danger now."

"Perhaps you are not. Did you ever meet a man named Ralph Dale?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Yet he was one of the men who called on you to-night—one of the smugglers."

"I did not inquire the names of those men, colonel."

"I am compelled to say, monsieur, that your movements are very suspicious. As we have not found your son, we will be compelled to place you under close arrest for the present."

"As you will. What is your pleasure as regards my daughter?"

"The young lady may remain here. You will be placed under guard, in one of the lower apartments. Sergeant, examine the prisoner's clothes and guard him well. Send another file of men to search the house. Let the whole neighborhood be closely watched also, and bring all suspicious characters taken before me. Lead the prisoner away. I will remain with the young lady for some moments."

"Oh, monsieur," pleaded Pauline, "cannot I accompany my dear father?"

"Be not alarmed, my child," said the emperor, as he embraced the young girl. "We will soon be united again."

Three soldiers led Napoleon from the room, while Pauline sank on a chair, as she groaned to herself:

"All is lost! He will certainly be discovered and put to death by the perfidious English."

Colonel Rogers, who was a handsome, dashing man in the prime of life, gazed at the distressed girl with admiring eyes, as he said:

"I sympathize with you, young lady, in your great distress."

Pauline conquered her emotion on the instant, and stared back at the officer, as she said:

"I cannot imagine your meaning. Why should I be distressed?"

"I feel assured that your father is an officer in Bonaparte's army, and that he has come here to spy on our movements. You must be aware that death will be his reward."

"I assure you that you are mistaken, monsieur. My father is not an officer in Bonaparte's army. He is but——"

"Do not attempt to defend him, as it will not avail you. We have our spies in France also, and he will soon be recognized. Yet I would spare one so young and so beautiful. Can I assist you in escaping?"

"I am not guilty of any crime, and why should I fly?"

"As you will, young lady. Your father will be recognized ere long, as there is one in our employ in the neighborhood who came over in the smuggler vessel with you. Reflect on my offer of assistance ere it is too late."

Colonel Rogers was about to leave the room, when Pauline said, with a charming smile:

"I thank you very much for your proffer, but I still assure you that you are mistaken as regards my father. I prefer to remain here with him. Will I be disturbed again in this apartment?"

"Not unless you wish to consult with me, or that I have some important news to convey to you. I will see that no one disturbs you."

The officer withdrew with a respectful bow, and closed the door after him.

Pauline arose soon after, and turned the key on the inside, as she muttered aloud:

"I must inspect the closet. Where can they have disappeared to?"

"I will answer that question, young lady," said a low voice, as the closet door was pushed open, and a man strode out with noiseless steps. "Be silent, as you value the lives of those you love."

"Mercy on me!" gasped Pauline, starting back in affright. "It is the English spy. Now the emperor is sacrificed in truth."

"The emperor is not sacrificed if you will but heed me. Be seated, and listen to what I have to propose."



CHAPTER V.

PAULINE AND THE ENGLISH SPY.

Pauline sank on a chair again, and stared at the spy as she asked:

"What has become of the young smuggler and his father?"

"I will answer the question in the proper time. Suffice to say now that are in my power."

Ralph Dale then seated himself in front of the young girl, and drew off the false red beard and wig, as he remarked in quite friendly tones:

"It will be as well that you see me in my true colors, young lady. Do I look like a villain now?"

The countenance thus presented was not a villainous one by any means.

It was that of a young man, with a fair complexion, clear blue eyes, and with regular, smiling features.

Indeed, there was something very winning in that countenance as Ralph Dale addressed the young girl again, saying:

"Let me assure you, Miss Pauline, that I am your ardent friend, and that I would not injure you for all the wealth in the world."

The young girl blushed to the temples, as the admiring eyes were fixed on her, and she said to herself:

"This person admires me. Will I play on his feelings to serve the emperor?"

As if reading her very thoughts at the moment, the keen-witted spy said in impressive tones:

"Yes, I will serve you, and save Bonaparte, if you will but smile on me as a dear friend, young lady."

A coquettish smile appeared on the girl's face, as she asked in simple tones:

"What would you have me do, monsieur? Do you know who I really am?"

"I saw you moving among the ladies of the court at Paris. I would have you give me your love."

"How absurd!"

"Think not that I am a poor, ignorant spy," said Ralph Dale, in proud tones, as he drew himself up to his full height. "I am a gentleman by birth and education, and I have ample means at my command."

"Then why are you engaged in such a questionable calling?"

"Because I love my country, and risk my life in her behalf far oftener than in fighting on the battle-field. Are not titled French gentlemen engaged at present as spies? Is not your great Bonaparte a spy at the present moment? Yes, and he will perish as a spy if I proceed to denounce him."

"But, oh, monsieur, you will not denounce him?"

"I will denounce him if you do not swear to become my wife. I will betray my country for your sake."

"You astonish me, monsieur. How is it possible that you could become so much attached to me during such a brief acquaintance?"

"Am I the first man who has become your slave after a brief acquaintance? Is not young Lucey your ardent admirer? Yes, and I will swear that Colonel Rogers is already in love with you. You are the most bewitching creature I ever beheld in any land."

"You are the boldest lover I ever encountered," retorted Pauline, with a sigh. "Ah, me, you have me in your power. Must I become your wife to save the emperor?"

"You must. All the wealth and honors at his command will not save him if you do not swear to become my wife."

Pauline pressed her hand to her brow, reflected for some moments, and then asked:

"What has become of young Lucey and his father?"

"They are now in my power—they are my prisoners."

"Will you sacrifice them also if I do not concede to your demands?"

"I will. If I denounce Bonaparte, I must give up the smugglers also."

"How will you save the emperor if I consent to become your wife?"

"By assuring Colonel Rogers that he is simply Monsieur Le Clare."

"Will you permit him to proceed on his mission?"

"I will not. He must proceed back to France this very night in the lugger."

"Will you return to France with us?"

"No; and you must remain here to become my wife. Then

it will never be known that Bonaparte paid a visit to this land, unless the Luceys may betray the fact."

"I cannot believe that the Luceys are in your power. They are too valiant to be captured by you without assistance."

"Then, come with me, and I will show you that they are my prisoners."

As Ralph Dale uttered the words, he seized the lamp and pointed towards the closet.

"Where would you lead me to?" asked Pauline, rising from the chair.

"To the prison where your friends are now confined. Fear not that I will molest you in any way."

Pauline was not afraid of her own safety, and there was something so manly and truthful in the spy's countenance that she followed him without any further hesitation.

Entering the closet, Ralph Dale walked to the end of the little apartment and pressed on a clothes-rack over his head, as he said:

"I am not a stranger in this old inn, and its secrets are known to me."

The whole end of the closet flew back on the instant, and the spy flashed the lamp over a dark abyss below, as he said:

"Gaze down there, young lady, and you may see your friends."

The young girl shuddered as she looked down, and then said:

"I see but a dark pool of water. If the smugglers fell down there, they must have perished."

"They did not perish. Speak to the young man, or his father, and they will answer you."

Pauline pitched her voice down into the abyss, saying:

"Are you alive, Monsieur Lucey?"

"We are alive; but we are in a trap like a pair of drowned rats," answered a gruff voice. "Where is your father, young lady?"

"He is a close prisoner now."

"Where is the infernal spy who hurled us down here?"

"He is standing here beside me."

"Then we are lost," cried the voice of the old smuggler. "We cannot find our way out of this hole."

"Where is your son?" asked Pauline.

"I am here, young lady," answered a gentler voice. "Do not trouble about us, but try and save your father."

The spy seized the young lady by the arm, and attempted to draw her away from the well-like opening, as he said:

"You are now satisfied that all your friends are in my power?"

The young girl drew back with a shudder, as she exclaimed:

"Yes, I am satisfied."

And then, with a violent effort, she flung herself against the spy, and hurled him into the well.

As the man slipped over the end of the closet, he grasped the young girl by the arm and dragged her out towards him.

Then down they went together, the end of the closet closing behind them, and they fell together into the dark pool of water.

The pool was not very deep, but as the fall was not over twenty feet, the water was sufficient to break the violence of the shock.

"What in the thunder is this?" exclaimed the old smuggler, as the splashing of the water fell on his ears.

"Seize him, seize him," cried Pauline, who was still clasped in Ralph Dale's arms. "'Tis the spy. Save the emperor."

The spy held the lamp in his hand when Pauline pushed him into the well, but the light went out in the descent, and the smugglers could only be guided in the darkness by the sound of the young girl's voice.

Like a pair of water-spaniels, they sprang from the ground, to which they had crawled, and Captain Lucey seized the spy in the darkness, while his son tore Pauline from the man's grasp almost at the same moment.

"Unhand me, fool," said Ralph Dale, in calm, clear tones, while he struggled to shake off the grasp of the old smuggler. "If you kill me, you are all sacrificed, and the emperor as well."

Larry Lucey dragged Pauline out of the well, placed her on the ground, and then sprang to his father's assistance, as he cried:

"Do not kill him, father. We are able to overpower him again."

"'Tis folly for me to struggle with you both. I am your prisoner."

Ralph Dale was lying at the side of the well as he spoke,



and gasping in the grasp of the smugglers, who were still holding him fast by the arms.

"Hadden't we better put an end to him, Larry?" asked the old captain.

"If you do, you'll never get out of here alive. Have mercy on the young lady, if you have none on me."

"Listen to him, kind friends," pleaded Pauline.

"Why can't we get out of here alive?" asked the old smuggler.

"Because you do not know the way out unless I lead you."

"Will you lead us?" asked Larry.

"On one condition only."

"What is that condition?"

"The young lady is aware of it."

"Where are we at all?" inquired the old smuggler.

"You are in a secret passage under the inn, of course."

"Where does it lead out to?"

"I will not answer unless you agree to my terms."

"Can we agree to them in all honor, Miss Pauline?" asked the young smuggler.

The young lady hesitated to answer, and the old smuggler asked:

"Have you your flint and steel, Larry?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Then, strike a light, and let us see what we're about. Never fear, but I'll be able to hold him."

The young man released his grasp on the prisoner, and the next moment there was another splash in the well, as the old smuggler sputtered forth:

"Bad luck to the villain! he has taken me unawares again."

"What's wrong, father?"

"Catch him! hold him!" cried the old man, splashing in the well. "The villain of the world has got away from me. Look sharp, or he'll beat you unawares also."

Larry placed himself in an attitude of defense, and kept turning around in the dark, so as to be prepared to grasp the spy should he come within the reach of his arms.

A dead silence then prevailed in the place for some few moments, and even the old smuggler did not attempt to move out of the well when the water was up to his breast, fearing that the spy would assail him as he tried to crawl out again.

Pauline was the first to break the silence, by saying:

"Are you here, Monsieur Dale?"

"I hear you," was the reply, but the voice was in the distance.

"Mercy! he is escaping to betray us," cried Larry, in frenzied tones, as he thought of Napoleon, and the young girl. "I must get at him and take him."

Guided by the sound of the spy's voice, the young man moved rapidly in the direction, only to find himself, in a few seconds, striking against the side of a stone wall or rock.

"Perdition take it," he said, "I must have a light."

"You will soon have all the light you want," said the voice of the spy again, now sounding as if coming from above.

"Oh, you will not be so cruel as to betray us all," cried Pauline.

"You are aware of my conditions. Will you consent to them? If I summon Colonel Rogers, you are all sacrificed."

"What are his conditions, young lady?" asked Larry, as he drew near to the young lady, while he attempted to strike a light with a flint and steel.

Before Pauline could reply, a light was streaming down the well-hole again, and the voice of the English spy was heard, saying:

"I am up in the closet again. I have but to raise my voice and summon the officer and the soldiers. Will you consent to my proposition, young lady?"

"In heaven's name, what is that proposition?" asked Larry.

"He asks me to be his wife, in order to save the emperor. Oh, what must I do? The noble man must not be sacrificed."

"You are an infernal villain!" cried Larry. "And heaven pity you if I ever get my hands on you again!"

"There's no danger of that now. What is the young lady's answer?"

Pauline was whispering earnestly with Larry, as the young sailor drew her back into the darkness of the cavern-like structure.

"What is your answer?" demanded the spy, in impatient tones.

"Oh, give me a few moments to decide," pleaded Pauline, raising and pitching her voice. "If you were a gentleman you would permit me to join you up there, and then——"

"Certainly, I will permit you to come up, but the others must remain below. I will lower a rope from a pulley above

me, and then draw you up. Beware of another treacherous act on your part."

"I will not strive with you again. Please lower the rope and I will ascend."

"Remember, if either of those men attempt to ascend, I will cut the rope on the instant, and I will summon——"

"Fear not—fear not!" cried Pauline. "My friends, I must sacrifice myself to save the emperor."

After a brief delay, a rope was lowered directly over the well, and the spy held the light so that he could see the young girl grasping it with both hands.

"Are you ready now?" he asked.

"I am ready."

"Then grasp it firmly, and I will soon draw you up."

As the strong man spoke he pulled on the other end of the rope, and the young girl was soon on a level with the closet.

"Now give me your hand," said Ralph Dale, as his eyes sparkled with joy and triumph, while he drew the fair one into the closet, the end thereof closing on them again. "I will forgive you for your little trick, my beloved one, if you will but let us seal our compact with one kiss."

"There is a blow for you," was the reply, as the spy was knocked against the outer door of the closet. "Now, Ralph Dale, it is you and I for it again."

"Treachery!" gasped the spy, as he seized his assailant. "'Tis Larry Lucey!"

"Yes, 'tis Larry Lucey, and if you raise an alarm, I will denounce you as a traitor. If you hope to win the young lady, fight like a man for her."

## CHAPTER VI.

### LARRY'S ADVENTURES IN HIS DISGUISE.

Ralph Dale was not a man to be surprised at anything less than a wonderful shock, and the unexpected assault on the part of Larry was startling enough in all conscience.

The English spy had a small lantern at the edge of the closet, as he drew on the pulley which raised the supposed French girl, and as he reached out his hand to assist her from the trapway, he could not perceive her features.

He did perceive the feminine garment as the form ascended, and, while he was on the lookout for treachery on the part of the bold smugglers, he did not think it possible that the young lady would exchange her dress for Larry's coat.

The blow in the face, as well as the young smuggler's exclamation, startled the spy as he had never been startled before.

But his consternation lasted for a few seconds only.

Even while he was in the act of striking against the outer door of the closet, and while Larry was closing with him for a desperate struggle, Ralph Dale realized his position and made up his mind as to how he should act.

Young in years as Larry Lucey was, his varied experience of human nature had taught him to judge correctly as to the true character of the spy.

He knew that gold would not bribe the man to betray his country and that death had no terrors for him while pursuing the path of duty.

Yet there was a soft spot in the flinty heart of Ralph Dale, and Larry judged that Pauline had developed it.

Therefore it was that the young smuggler appealed to the spy's love for the charming French girl.

Let him but raise an alarm at that critical moment and expose Napoleon, then all hope of winning Pauline would be lost forever.

Besides, Ralph Dale did not think it possible that the smuggler youth could cope with him in real bodily strength and pugilistic skill.

He regarded the contest on the cliff as a mere display of wrestling tricks on the part of Larry, and he felt assured that they could not be repeated with success.

Gladly, then, did the spy accept the challenge to a silent encounter with the sailor youth; and as he grappled with him at the outer door of the closet, all the words he uttered were:

"I will not raise an alarm, but I will soon master you."

Then the combatants set to in the room secretly occupied by Napoleon, where there was plenty of space for the encounter.



Although Ralph Dale felt that Larry was attached to the fair French girl, yet he did not hate the youth.

Neither did he feel any bitter enmity against him on account of the defeats which he had suffered at his hands.

Ralph Dale remembered, through all, that scene in the stormy Irish bay, when the young sailor plunged into the boiling billows to save his life.

Still he was resolved on conquering the youth, as a matter of pride alone, if Pauline were not at all involved.

The English spy was a very powerful man, he was a splendid pugilist, and he did not fear bodily punishment.

His first effort was made towards bearing Larry to the floor, with the view of holding him at his mercy until the youth realized that he was powerless.

While each of the combatants had weapons about them, they did not think of using them in that close encounter, as they were fairly locked together.

Ralph Dale did force Larry to the floor by sheer strength, but he could not hold him there, as the sailor wriggled out of his grasp and then sprang lightly to his feet, as he said, in cautious tones, pointing to the door:

"That kind of fighting will alarm the soldiers below. Let us have it out without any noise."

As Larry spoke he let fall the woman's dress, stepped aside, and put up his hands in pugilistic fashion.

Ralph Dale was soon on his feet, also, and he was advancing on Larry, when he paused suddenly, and held up his hand, as he said, in subdued tones:

"Hush! There's some one coming up the stairs now."

Larry hastened to pull up the dress on himself again, as he pointed to the closet, and whispered:

"For heaven's sake go in there, or we are all lost. On my oath, I'll act the man with you."

"But what will you do out here?"

"I'll play Miss Pauline. Shut the door and keep out the light. In with you, for mercy's sake."

The spy stole into the closet just as a knock sounded on the room door.

"Who's there?" asked Larry, speaking in French, and in a feminine voice.

"Colonel Rogers. Did you not knock for something, young lady?"

"I did but stumble on the floor, monsieur, as my lamp went out."

"I will send you up a fresh lamp."

"It is not necessary, as I am about to retire for the night."

"Then you have made up your mind to remain with your father?"

"Assuredly."

"I fear you will regret it. If he is proved to be a spy, you will not escape severe punishment, I am certain."

"I am not alarmed, monsieur, and I will bid you good-night."

"Good-night, young lady."

Larry waited and listened at the door until he heard the officer retiring down the stairs, and he then flung off the dress again as he approached the closet door, saying:

"I got rid of him, Mr. Dale. Now to settle between us."

The young sailor opened the door and looked into the closet, but he started back the next moment, muttering:

"What trick is he up to now? He has disappeared altogether, and taken the lantern with him. Maybe he's crouching in there to pounce on me."

The young man sprang boldly into the closet, holding his hands ready to strike, while he moved his feet around in search of the spy.

"He couldn't have went down again," muttered Larry, "for father is there to tackle him; but I'll soon see."

The young sailor felt for the clothes-rack which Pauline had spoken of, but he could not succeed in opening the end-trap, although he pressed all the knobs in turn.

Growing somewhat desperate, Larry then flung himself against the end of the closet, but it would not yield.

"The rascal has tricked us again, and what am I to do?" Larry asked himself, as he pondered on the perilous position of all his friends, and of the great Napoleon in particular.

Passing his hands over the clothes-rack again, he pressed, and pulled, and twisted all the knobs, but he could not succeed in touching the spring in a proper manner.

Drawing a sheath-knife which he always carried, the young sailor commenced to hack away at the end of the closet, with the purpose of cutting a hole, through which he could speak down to his father.

The wood was stout and tough, but the vigorous youth soon cut a small hole, at which he placed his mouth and cried:

"Ahoy, father!"

Placing his ear to the hole, Larry then listened eagerly; but there was no response to his call.

He repeated the hail again and again, but still there was no response.

"The spy has mastered my father and Pauline," he groaned at length. "Oh! what can I do at all?"

While thinking over a means of escape from the guarded inn, another loud knock was heard at the door.

"This must be the colonel again," thought Larry, smiling through all his fears. "I'll have to humbug him."

Then he approached the door and asked:

"Who's there?"

"'Tis Colonel Rogers, young lady. I am sorry to inform you that I have just received an order to convey you to Dover."

"To Dover? And my dear father will accompany me, monsieur?"

"Your father, I regret to say, will remain here under strict guard."

Larry felt at once that Colonel Rogers meant treachery towards Pauline, and he resolved to keep up the deception.

While pretending to be fearfully distressed at being separated from the old man, he consented to accompany the officer to Dover.

"Then you will prepare yourself for the journey as soon as possible," said the colonel, as he handed in a lamp. "A carriage will soon be ready for us."

"And 'tis a nice journey we'll have together, I'm thinking," thought Larry.

Closing the door, the adventurous youth hastened to array himself in a cloak and bonnet belonging to Pauline, and then, with a veil drawn over his face, he was prepared to accompany the infatuated colonel.

When Colonel Rogers appeared to convey his intended victim to the carriage, Larry sobbingly asked:

"Oh, monsieur, will you be not so kind as to permit me to embrace my dear father ere we depart?"

The officer hesitated a moment or so, and then replied, as if speaking to himself:

"It cannot do any harm. Come, and you will see your father."

"Oh, many thanks, monsieur."

And Larry pressed the officer's hand in the most ardent manner, as he said to himself:

"I'll give him a dose of love to-night that will surprise him."

Tripping downstairs with all the grace of a depressed maiden, Larry soon entered the room where the disguised emperor was seated alone.

Napoleon looked up at his visitor for a moment, and then arose and opened his arms for a fatherly embrace, as he said:

"'Tis fated that we must part for a short time, my child; but it will not be for a long time."

"No, no, dear father," returned Larry, in a whisper, as he pretended to kiss the great man. "I am Larry Lucey; I will soon be free; and then I will rescue you, sire."

Napoleon pressed the youth's hand, kissed him on the forehead, and then led him towards Colonel Rogers, who stood at the door, as he said:

"Farewell, my child. Brave officer, be kind to my beloved child."

"Be assured of that, monsieur."

"The mischief thank you," said Larry to himself. "Bad cess to me if I don't have some fun with this fellow."

The officer was soon seated in the carriage beside the pretended maiden, the blinds were lowered, and away the two horses went at a full gallop.

One glimpse out of the carriage window, and Larry said to himself:

"I knew the villain wasn't taking me to Dover at all. Oh, why should I have any mercy on him? Thank fortune 'tisn't the dear lady is here."

The carriage was not out of the village when Colonel Rogers moved close to Larry and took his gloved hand, as he said, in the most tender tones:

"My dear young lady, I fear that you are in great danger."

"In what manner, monsieur?"

"I cannot answer you, but I can save you, if you will but smile on me. Oh, you are so beautiful, so charming!"

"Ah, monsieur," said Larry, with a soft sigh, "you are a flatterer. You have seen so little of me."

"I have seen more than enough to make me your devoted slave for life. Young lady, I love you beyond all expression."



Say that you will be mine, and I will save you and your father as well."

Larry did not respond to this loving appeal, as he was saying to himself:

"I must stop this nonsense before we get too far away from the village. The lads from the lugger can't be far away."

"You are silent, my beloved one," continued the enraptured officer. "Will you not give me one kiss in response?"

"Kiss that!"

Larry spoke in masculine tones, as he clapped the muzzle of a pistol to the officer's mouth.

"What does this mean?" gasped the baffled man, drawing back in surprise.

"It means that I will blow your brains out on the instant if you do not obey me. Stop the carriage, I say."

Larry spoke in such determined tones, as he kept pressing the pistol against the officer's face, that the latter immediately called on the driver to pull up.

Then he glared at the disguised youth, as he inquired:

"In the fiend's name, who are you?"

"I am the brother of the young lady whom you would betray. If you do not obey my slightest command, instant death—as you well deserve—awaits you."

"What is your pleasure, sir?" asked the driver as the carriage stopped.

"Tell him to turn around and drive slowly back to the village," said Larry, still speaking to the officer in French.

The officer gave the order, and the carriage was driven towards the village.

Still keeping the pistol at the officer's head Larry looked out of the window for a moment and recognized the locality.

Colonel Rogers soon recovered from the first surprise, and, while he was boiling with rage and mortification, he was also meditating a dire retaliation.

He would crush the youth beside him, persecute his father, and bear Pauline away to the spot where he intended to convey her that very night.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that the colonel was a coward, because Larry had succeeded in suddenly surprising him into a partial obedience.

Even while the pistol was at his head, the officer was watching his opportunity.

As the carriage rolled slowly along the cliff road, he asked:

"What do you propose to do with me?"

"You will soon see what a fool you made of yourself."

And Larry laughed merrily as he thought of the gay officer's love-making.

Another peep out, then Larry drew a small whistle and sent forth a shrill signal.

"He has confederates at hand," thought the colonel, "and it is full time for me to act on the offensive."

Making a sudden movement, he seized the young sailor's wrist and turned the pistol up, striking him a violent blow in the face almost at the same moment.

Larry was flung against the carriage door, which gave way before him, and out he fell on the road, the pistol exploding ere he struck the ground.

A groan burst from the young sailor as he struck the ground, while Colonel Rogers called out to the driver:

"Drive on to the village with all speed, or you will be murdered. See you not those pirates hastening up from under the cliff?"

The driver lashed his horses, and away dashed the carriage, just as the crew of the lugger hastened up to the road where their young officer was lying.

## CHAPTER VII.

### RALPH DALE ENJOYS A VICTORY.

As Larry Lucey was passing out of the inn to take the journey with Colonel Rogers, Ralph Dale stood in a small room behind the bar watching them.

"Hang me, if this is not a gay lark," muttered the English spy, in jolly tones. "The colonel is smitten with the young French lady also, and he is taking her away to his place on the cliff. Ha, ha, ha! Larry Lucey will have some rare sport, while I will bear off the prize."

It was quite evident that Ralph Dale was acquainted with every nook and corner of the old tavern, as the carriage had

scarcely rolled away, when he turned to a private door at the side of the little room, as he muttered:

"Now to deal with the old smuggler, and then to make my own terms with the charming young lady. She is in my power now, and so is the great Bony. Oh, what excitement I could create in England and all over the world by uttering three words to-night!"

And the spy descended to the cellar, drawing a small lantern from his coat-pocket at the same time.

That cunning man had formed his plans with due foresight, and circumstances favored him in the meantime, for was not Larry Lucey out of his way and Colonel Rogers also?

When Larry ascended in Pauline's garment to cope with Ralph Dale, the old smuggler father awaited the issue of the contest with every confidence in the success of his brave young son.

Pauline was not so sanguine, although she felt that the brave young sailor would fight to the death to save the emperor.

With beating hearts, they both listened while Larry ascended over the wall; and when they heard him attack and challenge the spy, the old smuggler exclaimed:

"My life on it, my brave boy conquers the infernal land-shark."

"I pray that he may," said Pauline, in fervent tones.

They both listened eagerly, shivering in their wet garments, while Pauline drew Larry's coat closely around her.

While they were thus listening a grating noise from above fell on their ears, a light flashed down for a few seconds, and then all was dark and silent in the cavernous apartment where they stood.

"I fear that your brave son has been overpowered, monsieur," said Pauline.

"Not he, you may rely on it. Something else has happened up in the room. Did you hear a noise at the side here?"

"Not I, monsieur. Yes—yes—now I hear it very plain. There's some one coming to us to the right here. Beware!"

The warning was barely uttered when the light from a lantern flashed out on them, and almost at the same moment the old smuggler received a stunning blow on the side of the head.

Captain Lucey fell on the floor as Pauline uttered a cry of terror, when the spy stood over his victim holding a heavy bludgeon in his hand, as he cried:

"That settled him, I fancy. Young lady, be not alarmed, as I would not injure you for the world. Still, I do not wish you to play any more tricks on me."

As the spy was speaking, he bent down over the old smuggler and placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"You have killed him," said Pauline, starting back in terror.

"Not at all. The old captain is very tough, you must know; but I must secure him beyond all chance of escape."

Ralph Dale then proceeded to drag the insensible man to a corner of the dark apartment, and he then proceeded to gag and bind him in the most effective manner, while he still kept an eye on Pauline, as he continued:

"Don't be alarmed about the young man, for I didn't kill him. It is a drawn battle between us for the present."

"What will you do with me, monsieur?" asked Pauline, shrinking away from the spy.

"I trust to make you my happy bride, my dear young lady."

"But you will not be so cruel as to force me into such a union?"

"I will not force you. You already know the terms I offer you. Now you will please come with me. Do not shrink from me, as I would die before offending you. On my soul, but you are charming in that costume."

The French girl was compelled to smile through all her perplexity, as she cast her eyes down Larry's coat and at the bright scarlet petticoats beneath it, and then she said to the spy:

"Could you not procure me a dry dress from my trunk?"

"Assuredly I can, and I will. Come with me now, and if you are wise, all will be as you may desire."

The young girl was soon led up out of the cavern by a winding stairway, the spy warning her to keep silent, if she did not wish to mar all his plans for rescuing the great emperor.

Having placed her in a small room which he had engaged at the early part of the night, Ralph Dale hastened down to see how it fared with Larry Lucey.

While passing down the stairway to the back of the bar-



room, the spy encountered Colonel Rogers, who drew him aside and asked:

"Where have you been, Dale?"

"I have been taking a stroll on the cliff, Colonel Rogers."

"Do you know that I have arrested the old Frenchman and his daughter as suspicious characters? Have you seen aught of the young man who came over with them?"

"I have not, colonel. I think you have made a mistake in arresting the old Frenchman and his daughter. He is but a simple refugee, I feel assured."

"Then why did you send me word to come here with the troops?"

"Because I at first suspected that they were Bonaparte's spies. Now I am satisfied that they are his enemies."

"Who was the man who followed you up to their room this evening?"

"One of the men from the smuggling schooner. We were both here from the vessel on the same errand almost."

"What was the errand?"

"Monsieur Le Clare had forgotten some articles in the lugger, and the captain sent us on here with them. The other man has returned to the vessel. I have leave of absence until to-morrow night."

"Would it not be well to seize the smuggler, think you?"

"If you do, you will deprive me of the means of reaching France."

"I understand, Dale. Then you feel certain that they are but humble refugees? The young lady is very beautiful!"

"The young lady is very beautiful, but there are very many charming women in France living in humble life. If you take the old man to be an important capture, colonel, you will be very much mistaken."

"What has become of the son, think you?"

"He may have returned to spend a night with the smugglers."

"Very true. I will see you again in the morning, Dale."

And Colonel Rogers walked away, muttering to himself:

"It is all the better for my purpose that they are humble people. The young girl is a splendid creature, and she must be mine!"

The spy saw that Colonel Rogers was smitten with Pauline, and, knowing the character of the man, he said to himself:

"If he forces himself on Larry, there will be the mischief of an explosion. I must keep my eyes on Rogers."

When Ralph Dale saw the pretended young lady riding away in the coach with the infatuated colonel, it was no wonder he chuckled to himself.

The spy spoke the truth when he told Pauline that he had been reared a gentleman, and that he had some means, but he did not say that he had been a spendthrift in his young days, and that he had squandered the fortune left him.

Before he became a spy for the government, Ralph Dale was engaged as an agent for the smugglers on the coast.

While thus engaged, he became acquainted with their secret store-houses and hiding-places, as well as with many of the people who were leagued with them.

The old tavern was a great resort of the smugglers, the landlord himself having once commanded a swift lugger.

The cavern below communicated with a cave under the cliff, the secret passage to which was only known to those who were in the full confidence of the leading men engaged in the profitable business.

Even while Ralph Dale was an agent for the government he was heavily engaged in the smuggling trade, and he was, therefore, in the full confidence of the leading smugglers.

Still chuckling to himself on the prospect of a thorough success in his love undertaking, the spy cautiously descended to the secret cavern where he had left the old smuggler so securely bound and gagged.

On entering the dark apartment, he found Captain Lucey huddled up in the corner, and as he flashed the light of the lantern on him, the old smuggler glared up at him with reproachful as well as threatening looks, but of course he could not utter a word.

"I am sorry to be compelled to treat you in this manner, captain," said the spy; "but it can't be helped, you know. When I win the game, I will set you free."

Without more ado, Ralph Dale turned on his heel and ascended to the apartment which Napoleon had occupied in the early part of the night.

The secret door leading from the cave was scarcely closed upon him, when Captain Lucey raised himself from the crouching position, muttering:

"I know the way out of here now, and blast my timbers if I don't soon turn the tables on that treacherous shark."

Having selected some articles of clothing from Pauline's trunk, Ralph Dale proceeded to the room where he had left the young lady.

On knocking at the door, he was soon admitted to the room. There was a pleasant smile on his face as he addressed Pauline, saying:

"You are fortunate in having more than one friend working in your behalf to-night. Here are your garments."

"Pray, what do you mean?" asked Pauline.

The spy then related with great humor Larry Lucey's adventure with Colonel Rogers, as far as he witnessed it.

He then added:

"You may be assured that your young friend will have infinite amusement with your new admirer."

"But the brave youth will be killed when the reception is discovered," said the young girl.

"No fear of that. Young Lucey is a match for Colonel Rogers any night in the year."

"But how will this all end? Who will save the emperor?"

"I will save him, if you will but consent to become—"

Before the spy could finish the sentence, the door was burst open, and Colonel Rogers thrust in his head, crying:

"Dale, I need you at once. By George, whom have we here?"

The officer stared at Pauline, and then at Ralph Dale, as he strode into the room and closed the door behind him.

The spy placed himself before the young lady on the instant, as he said, in calm, dignified tones:

"You are intruding, Colonel Rogers. This young lady is under my protection."

"Your protection, forsooth! The young lady is my prisoner. Dale, have you been acting a treacherous part?"

"How dare you speak to me in that manner, sir?" cried Ralph Dale, as he raised his hand threateningly.

"I command here, insolent fellow, and I will put you under arrest. Guard, hasten here and arrest—"

The officer was turning to the door as he uttered the threat, when Ralph Dale interrupted him, crying:

"Arrest me at your peril. I am in the king's secret service. This young lady is my prisoner, and I will defend her."

"And I will defend her from the pair of you," said a joyous voice, as the door was pushed open, and in walked Larry Lucey, holding a pistol in each hand.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NAPOLEON BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

Larry Lucey spoke in French when he walked into the bedroom aiming a pistol at each of the Englishmen, and while the tones were very low, they were both stern and emphatic.

The weapon pointed at each head, however, told more effectively than words; and it required but one glance at the young sailor's flashing eyes to feel that he would use them on the slightest show of hostilities on the part of the spy or the officer.

It is impossible to describe the delight of Pauline on beholding her young friend at that critical moment, when she was assailed, as it were, by her two English admirers.

Clapping her hands in a joyous manner, she darted past the rivals, and took a stand behind Larry, as she cried:

"Oh, my dear brother, I knew you would save me from those terrible men."

"I will murder them if they offer insult to you again."

"Insolent youth," cried Colonel Rogers, as he stamped his foot in rage, "I will soon show you that I am master here."

"Stop that stamping," said Larry, "and speak in low tones, or, by heaven, I will send a bullet through your head. You are not master here, even if you have a hundred soldiers at your call. On the contrary, you are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner! Egad, I never saw such cool impudence."

"You are my prisoner or you are a dead man, for resistance on your part is useless as you will see. Enter men."

The room door was pushed open on the instant and four stalwart smugglers, each holding a cutlass and a pistol ready for instant use, stole noiselessly in.

Without a single order from Larry, the four men took positions at each side of the Englishmen, and clapped their pistols to their heads in a significant manner.

"Be wise and give up your weapons," said Larry, with a provoking smile. "I have thirty more such men to back me."



"And I am here also, you infernal shark!" said Captain Lucey, as he put his head in at the door and scowled at Ralph Dale.

"Peace, I pray you, sir," cried Larry, "and leave me to deal with them, as you have already promised."

"Heave ahead, then, youngster; but don't let that treacherous dog off with a whole skin."

The two prisoners gave up their weapons, and they were then bound in a secure manner by the stalwart smugglers.

"Oh! can you release the emperor?" whispered Pauline to Larry.

"I feel confident we will. Remember, I am still your brother. The English spy will not betray us."

"Always my brother, and my dear friend as well."

Larry felt tempted to kiss the charming creature as he gazed into her bright eyes, but he curbed himself, and devoted himself to the more serious business in hand.

From the one expressive look which Ralph Dale had given the young sailor, he knew that the secret of the emperor's identity was safe—for the present, at least.

Addressing Colonel Rogers again, Larry said, with the air of a conqueror:

"You are now at my disposal, monsieur, and I demand your obedience in all things."

Before the officer could reply, the young man thought of Pauline, and he whispered to her:

"Hasten into the next room, and there arrange your costume. Then come in here again."

Pauline seized the clothes which the spy had brought her, and left the room.

"What do you demand of me?" asked Colonel Rogers, in haughty tones.

"I demand the instant release of my father."

"And if I refuse?"

"I will bear you away to the smuggler yacht, and if ill befalls him, you will suffer death in a similar manner."

"If your father is but a humble refugee, what has he to fear?"

"My sister is but a humble refugee, and I am aware of the danger she was threatened with at your hands, villain. Will you give me an order for my father's release, or must I force it from you?"

"I am positive that your father is a French spy, from the fact that you are leagued with those smugglers alone," replied the officer, in firm tones. "I will suffer death before I will release him."

"Then we will release him in spite of you, and will then bear you away to France as a prisoner, where you will have to fight me for daring to insult my sister when she was, as you supposed, unprotected and in your power."

"If you are a gentleman I will be pleased to give you satisfaction. But you must be mad to think that you can release the prisoner and bear me off, surrounded as you are by my troops."

"If we cannot bear you away we will blow your brains out. Now, I have a few words to say to you."

Larry turned to Ralph Dale, who had not spoken a word since his appearance.

The spy pretended to be very much alarmed at the turn of affairs.

But he was only playing a cunning part before the officer, as he felt that he had still the winning cards in his hand, and that he had skill enough to play them to the very best advantage.

So long as Napoleon was not recognized while in the hands of the English, Ralph Dale had every hope of winning Pauline.

Yet it was all-important to him that the great man should remain in custody until he was assured of the beautiful girl.

Then, how was the able spy to act at that critical juncture?

Colonel Rogers must not suspect that he was in collusion with Larry, and he must give the young sailor to understand that Pauline was the only prize he would accept as his price for silence regarding Napoleon.

"You were over on the smuggler with us, I understand?" commenced Larry.

"That is true," answered Ralph.

"Then, you are a traitor to your fellows?"

Ralph Dale shrugged his shoulders, as he replied:

"That is as it may be. I am not a traitor to my country."

"Then Captain Lucey will settle with you. I ask you, for the last time, Colonel Rogers, if you will give me an order for the release of my father?"

"And I answer that I will not. I believe that your father

is a spy—and that he holds an important position in Bonaparte's army. I will die ere I surrender him."

"Gag them on the instant, friends," commanded Larry, "and then bear them down into the cellar. I will soon release my father."

The two men were gagged before they could utter a single cry, and the four smugglers then dragged them from the room, just as Pauline appeared again.

"It is all well so far, young lady," said the young sailor. "Now to release our father and lead you both to the lugger."

"Can you hope to cope with the soldiers?" the young girl asked. "Oh, what if he or you should fall in the fray? It is too dreadful to contemplate, my dear friend."

"Fear not for the emperor. If we must fight, we will form a rampart around him with our bodies. Yet would I wish to effect his release without a struggle."

"Can you not suggest a stratagem?"

"I cannot. An alarm may be raised at any moment, and then the English soldiers would look for their colonel. Fortunately, a large portion of them are absent at present in quest of us. We must hasten down on the instant, and release the emperor."

"But you will be forced to encounter those outside in our flight."

"We will not. Fortunately for us, the mate of the lugger knows the secrets of the vault below. It was he who led us in here, through a secret passage under the cliffs, and he will lead us out again."

"How fortunate! But I see that you are wounded, and—"

"'Tis nothing. I received a fall in an encounter with Colonel Rogers. I will tell you about the affair when we are out of danger. Now you will retire below."

"But I would prefer to remain here to receive the emperor."

"I assure you that your presence will only embarrass our movements. We have not a moment to spare, and—"

"Do you know where the emperor is now confined, my friend?"

"Yes; in the large room below at the back of the house. This man will lead you down. Adieu, for a brief time."

"Adieu, my dear friend; and I will be praying for your success."

Captain Lucey was still at the door as Pauline passed out, and Larry addressed him in cautious tones, saying:

"I will take four men down with me, father, and overpower the soldiers on guard. We will silence them, if possible, without raising an outcry."

"Heave ahead, my brave lad!"

"But if an alarm is raised, you must down with all your force, and fight your best to rescue the emperor. Once up here with him, and we will defy them."

"Never fear but we'll strike like heroes for the emperor."

At that moment a head was thrust out of a room door, and a shrill female voice called out:

"Thieves—robbers—murderers! Father, call the soldiers! We are beset!"

"Follow me, six of you," cried Larry, as he sprang towards the stairs, pistol in hand. "Cut down all who oppose you."

Cries of alarm were heard from below, and soon a martial cry rang out above the din, as an officer cried:

"To arms—to arms! 'Tis a rescue for the prisoner! The smugglers are on us. Guard the prisoner with your lives!"

Napoleon heard the alarm cries as he sat pondering over the fate of nations, but the self-possessed man did not rise from his seat at the moment.

"'Tis my young Irish friend making an effort for my release," he muttered. "'Tis very unfortunate that I am thus disturbed in my mission."

There was a clashing of steel outside the door, mingled with cries and groans, and then in rushed Larry, with a cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other, crying:

"Follow me, father. Close around us, friends, and down with all who oppose you. Back with the infernal Philistines!"

Napoleon stared out of the open doorway to the broad hallway, as if taking a survey of the position.

Some twenty of the smugglers, led on by Captain Lucey, were making a brave stand against the soldiers, who were crowding in on them with their bayonets.

"Will they cut their way through, my son?" asked Napoleon.

"It is not necessary, sire," returned the young sailor, in a whisper. "There is a secret passage from the house from above, and the stairway is clear."

"That is well. In truth, the smugglers fight nobly. Lead the way, my son, and we will with you. What has become of my dear daughter, think you?"



"She is safe and awaiting us. Hasten, I implore you."

Napoleon walked leisurely out of the room, and then up the stairs, turning at every other step to watch the fierce and close struggle between the smugglers and the soldiers.

"If they will but retreat as well as they fight, we will be safe also," said the Man of Destiny.

"They will, they will, sire," whispered Larry, excitedly. "I beg you will hasten here to the end of the passage. The moment you are in I will signal for the retreat."

When they reached the passage leading down to the cavern, Larry pushed Napoleon forward, as he said to the smuggler stationed there:

"Lead the old gentleman down to the others, as I must signal the retreat."

The smugglers below were still their own against the soldiers in gallant style, and they could have cut their way out had such been their intention.

Calling on one of his men to aid him, Larry ran into the bedroom and seized a large bureau, crying:

"We'll blockade the stairs with this when the others are up. Out with it, my hearty fellow!"

The bureau was dragged out to the head of the stairs, and then Larry sprang down into the midst of the strife, crying:

"Retreat, sailors, and we will hold the upper deck of the house against them."

The nimble smugglers dashed up the stairs as quick as a wink, and Larry and his father were the last to turn.

"Charge up at the pirates!" cried the officer in command of the troops. "Fix bayonets, and advance three deep!"

The first two lines of the soldiers were on the middle of the stairs, when the heavy bureau was sent crashing down on them, and the unfortunate men were crushed or hurled back on those below.

"To the upper floor now, and we'll fight them from the roof," cried Larry, as the smugglers were disappearing through the secret door at the end of the passage. "Are you injured, father?"

"Only a slight cut on the left arm, my brave son. In with you, now."

Father and son were soon standing before Napoleon and Pauline in the cavern, which was lighted by the smugglers' lanterns.

The two prisoners were standing a little apart, surrounded by some of the smugglers.

Several of the sailors had received severe wounds, and two of their number had been killed in the hall; but they still presented a formidable body of strong men, and they were all armed to the teeth.

Captain Lucey cast his eye over the crew as he cried:

"Are you there, Bill Dillon?"

And out stepped a little, old-fashioned customer of forty, who wore an immense black beard down over his breast.

Bill Dillon was the mate of the lugger, and he was commonly called Bill the Boaster, from the fact that he was the mischief at exaggerating.

He was an excellent sailor, and a brave little fellow, however.

"Now, Bill," commenced Captain Lucey, "none of your blasted lies, as we haven't time to contradict you. Can you tell us if the landlord above knows how to get down here?"

"He does, captain."

"Can you lead us out on the cliff in double-quick time?"

"Faster than a horse can gallop, captain, if you will—"

"Stow your gab, and lead on. Lanterns to the front. Make all sail, my hearties. Six of you here in the stern with me."

The smugglers darted into a narrow passage, Bill the Boaster leading the way.

Napoleon and Pauline followed after, with Larry and the prisoners close behind them, and the young sailor muttered to himself:

"All will be well now if they do not attempt to cut us off on the cliffs."

The passage was slow and tedious, more especially for the young girl.

Napoleon strode along as calmly as if promenading in his own palace, and he kept up a conversation with Pauline in the meanwhile.

Captain Lucey and six of the smugglers brought up the rear.

"This is quite an adventure, my daughter," said Napoleon. "I regret that blood should have been shed on our account."

"I trust that there will be no more fighting, dear father, and—"

The young girl's speech was interrupted by Bill the Boaster, who pushed by her at the moment, crying:

"Captain Lucey, the outer cave is full of lights and soldiers! Such heaps of them you never saw in—"

"Did they see you, you infernal liar?"

"How could they, when I stole out to the hole like a weazel?"

"Steal back again, and keep your eyes open. Try and make out their number without counting four for every one."

"Aye, aye, captain! I'll dash out and fight them all if you say so."

Bill darted out in front again, and Captain Lucey advanced to his son and Napoleon in the narrow passage, where they had all come to a standstill.

Larry was whispering with Napoleon, when the old smuggler joined in the subdued conversation, saying:

"Do you advise a retreat or a forward movement, sire? I fear they will soon be on us in the rear."

"Then we will advance. Can you ascertain the number of the foe in front?"

"There's no reliance to be placed on Dillon," said Larry. "I will go forward and ascertain."

"Never mind, Larry, as I hear them coming on behind. We must out on the rascals in front and clear the cave. The six lads behind will keep off the others. You remain to dash out with your friends here when I give the word."

"Very well, captain," said Larry. "Give them a volley from the pistols and out at them. Depend on us to keep back the others."

Then the young sailor turned to his prisoners, who were still gagged, as he said to the man guarding them:

"Take off the officer's gag, as I desire to speak to him."

Ralph Dale smiled to himself, as he suspected what Larry was about to say to the officer.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE THREE RIVALS AT WORK.

Before Larry spoke a word to Colonel Rogers, he whispered to one of the smugglers in front, saying:

"Dart forward and tell father not to sally out until I whistle twice."

The men following in the passage could be plainly heard, and the torches they were bearing cast their lights ahead.

It was a critical moment for the emperor and his friends, as well as for the two prisoners.

Larry made a motion to two of the smugglers guarding the prisoners, and Colonel Rogers was pushed back to face the soldiers coming on through the passage.

The young soldier clapped a pistol to the back of the officer's head, as he said, in threatening tones:

"If you do not obey me, I will blow your brains out, as there is a sky above us. Hail those coming."

"Who comes there?" cried the officer, in very loud tones.

"Friends of the king," replied the officer in command of the soldiers. "Is that you, Colonel Rogers?"

"Tell them to halt where they are," commanded Larry.

"Yes, I am Colonel Rogers. Halt, officer."

The officer halted the troops in the passage, and at such a distance that it was impossible for him to distinguish the uniforms of those in front, even if Colonel Rogers was not in the way.

Larry had studied the colonel well during their brief acquaintance, and he knew just how far to go with him.

Another signal to the two men who held the prisoner, and the gag was clapped on his mouth again.

Then Larry raised his voice, and imitating that of the colonel's to perfection, he called out:

"The smugglers have escaped to the cliffs. About face and back to guard the inn, as they may seek to rescue the prisoners we have just taken. We will out and pursue them, taking our prisoners with us."

While Larry was delivering this order, Colonel Rogers was struggling with all his might, but the stalwart smugglers held him from behind as if in a vise, and he could not betray them to his friends.

The officer in charge of the troops gave the order, and the emperor could soon hear them retreating through the passage.

As Napoleon had watched and listened with great attention, he was well pleased with Larry's stratagem, and when the young sailor approached him again, he whispered:



"You deserve a rich reward for that grand movement, young friend."

"I am well paid by your approval, sire, as well as encouraged to carry out the same work with those in front."

"But the colonel will not assist you again, I fear."

"I will not need him, I trust. What is it, captain?"

The question was addressed to Larry's father, who was standing by impatiently.

"What is the delay about, youngster?"

Fierce but subdued exclamations burst from the two smugglers who were holding Colonel Rogers at the time, as the powerful man flung them to the ground and burst back through the passage at headlong speed, yelling:

"Halt—officer—halt! Treachery, soldiers; treachery! About face!"

Larry made a movement to dart after the escaping officer, but Napoleon held him back, and speaking for the first time in tones of command, said:

Forward now, and burst those in front. At them with sword and pistol. Silence, until we burst out on them, and remember, even should I fall, that I am Monsieur Le Clare."

"Forward, lads," said Captain Lucey, "and look to your pistols. Give them one volley as we sally out, and then at them with the cutlass. Youngster, guard your friends. We will dispatch this treacherous shark now?"

As the old smuggler asked the question, he raised his cutlass as if about to cleave the spy.

"Forbear," said Larry, pushing him further to the front. "Leave me the men behind to guard our friends, and out with you. Let all of you strike as if you were fighting for a kingdom."

Muttered exclamations of assent fell from the smugglers as they moved on to the attack after the old captain, each man holding his pistol and cutlass ready for the fray.

The young sailor tore the gag off of Ralph Dale's mouth, as he asked:

"If we are captured, will you betray us to Colonel Rogers?"

"Not while there is a hope of gaining my heart's desire."

"I understand you, and I will trust you also. You can escape as you think best, as we cannot take you with us. Release him, men, and forward. Guard Monsieur Le Clare and the young lady as you would your dearest friends. Forward now. Father is at them!"

The old captain and his men did burst out on the soldiers in the cavern with great fervor and fury.

While the soldiers were on the alert for the smugglers, they were not prepared for the furious onslaught thus made on them.

Captain Lucey was the first to dash out and fire his pistol with effect; and then, without waiting for those behind him, he rushed at his foes with his cutlass, as he cried:

"Down with the Philistines, my brave lads, and give no quarter!"

Bill the Boaster was close behind his captain, and the little fellow fired two pistols in quick succession, as he cried, in the voice of a giant:

"There goes six of them down at my first fire! I'll wager I slay two of the rascals at every blow!"

And Bill was soon slashing away for dear life.

Before the soldiers could fire a single shot, the smugglers were struggling with them hand-to-hand, and it was the cutlass against the bayonet again.

In a close struggle of the kind, the advantage was with the smugglers, as the short cutlass was more effective than the bayonet or the gun; and even though the soldiers far outnumbered their foes, they were soon repulsed with great loss.

The officer in command was self-collected, however, and when he saw his men giving way, he cried:

"Soldiers, retreat, and form outside, where your bayonets will come in play."

It was at the moment when Napoleon and Pauline, surrounded by Larry and the smuggler guard, appeared on the scene of the fierce conflict.

"Out at them, my hearties, and don't give them time to form," cried Captain Lucey, as he dashed out of the cave, followed by his daring men.

"We'll out with them," said Napoleon to Larry. "See to Pauline, and leave me to care for myself. Fear not, as it is not fated that I will fall in a skirmish of this kind."

As the Man of Destiny spoke, he drew a pistol and ran out after the smugglers.

"Keep close behind me, and I will guard you," said Larry to Pauline. "I must guard the emperor."

"I will guard you also," said the English spy, "and with my life."

As Ralph Dale spoke he seized the young girl in his powerful arms, and dashed out after Larry.

Several of the soldiers were still holding torches when the struggle was renewed outside on the strand.

The moment the officer in command saw Napoleon issuing from the cave, he made a dash at him, crying:

"There's the prisoner. Secure him, soldiers, and defend him at all hazards."

Larry sprang out in front of the emperor and struck a blow at the officer, as he cried:

"Defend the old gentleman, my brave friends. Down with the soldiers."

Larry stretched the officer on the strand, and then his cutlass was at work again.

Almost in an instant the smugglers forged in front of Napoleon, while Captain Lucey cried:

"Another dash at them, my hearties, and into the sea with them."

The smugglers dashed forward to the struggle, and Napoleon went with them.

In the intense excitement of the moment, Larry had lost sight of Pauline.

The soldiers did not await the prisoners' onset, as there was no one to rally them, and they broke and fled in disorder, escaping along the strand.

"Up the cliffs with you now," cried Captain Lucey, "and we'll soon snap our fingers at them all."

"Where's the young lady?" cried Larry, as he stared around in affright.

"I am up here, brother," cried the young girl, as Ralph Dale bore her along up the cliff. "Save me, or this man will bear me away from father."

The smugglers were already darting up the cliff, bearing Napoleon with them, when Larry darted forward, crying:

"Follow me as fast as possible. I will rescue the young lady."

"Forward, soldiers," yelled a furious voice below, as Colonel Rogers darted out of the cave. "Up after them on the double-quick, but do not fire."

The officer did not know that Ralph Dale had reached the top of the cliff with Pauline, and he feared to fire, on her account.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOT WORK ON THE CLIFFS.

Larry Lucey was the first of the smugglers to reach the top of the cliff.

When he looked around in search of the spy and Pauline, he could not catch a glimpse of them, although the moon was shining brightly at the time.

And wasn't the young sailor in a quandary at the moment!

It was absolutely necessary that he should devote all his energies to protecting Napoleon from the oncoming foes, and bear the great conqueror away to the lugger or some other place of safety.

Then how was he to hasten to the rescue of the young girl who was becoming dearer to him every moment?

How was he to protect her from the two Englishmen, who were determined to win her by fair means or foul?

"Where in the mischief has the rascal gone to with the young lady?" said Larry, aloud, as he stood on the top of the cliff.

"Then has the spy taken her away?" rejoined Napoleon, who just reached the young soldier's side. "On my faith, but I expected as much when——"

"Hasten away, for heaven's sake!" cried Captain Lucey, who was the last of the smugglers running up the cliff. "The soldiers are after us like fury. Load your pistols again as you run, my brave lads."

"This way, monsieur," said Larry, as he seized Napoleon by the arm and led him along the path on the top of the cliff. "When you are safe, I will go in quest of the young lady."

The great soldier was not accustomed to traveling on foot, but he was then in the prime of life, and he made excellent time.

The young sailor kept at his side along the narrow path, and all the smugglers who were able ran along close behind them.

None of those rough men, with the exception of Captain



Lucey, were aware that they were guarding the greatest man of the age on the soil of his most embittered enemies.

They did suspect, however, that Monsieur Le Clair was one of Napoleon's trusted officers, and that he was in England for the purpose of inspecting the coast defenses.

Had they all known the truth, they could not be more devoted and valiant, as it was enough for them to feel that they were fighting to baffle the English.

As Napoleon and Larry kept some distance in front of the others, they were enabled to converse freely.

During all the exciting scenes of the night the great soldier maintained his calm manner, and he was inclined to look on the ridiculous side of the situation as they ran along together.

"In truth," he said, "this is rather undignified in us, to retreat in this manner on the first night of our invasion."

"But you will not retreat thus, sire," said Larry, with a proud smile, "when you lead your conquering armies over. Would that the young lady were here. I fear that rascal of a spy will annoy her."

"Do not be troubled about Pauline, as I assure you she is——"

"Hasten on, hasten on," cried Captain Lucey, "for the villains behind are gaining on us fast. Clap on all sail, or we will have to give them another brush for it."

"Would that I had the poorest steed in my stable now," said Napoleon, in pleasant tones, as he increased his speed. "What is the distance to the lugger?"

"'Tis over a league, sire."

"Can you judge of the strength of the enemy in pursuit?"

Larry glanced back for a few moments ere he replied:

"They number fifty, at least."

"And how many of our friends have survived the conflict?"

"We number about twenty-five good men yet, sire."

"If we could but surprise them, it would be desirable. I fear that this exercise will soon exhaust me. Summon your brave father to our side."

Larry placed his hand to his mouth and sent forth a shrill whistle.

In a few minutes the active old smuggler was at his side, saying:

"What is it, now, youngster?"

"Monsieur here suggests that it would be well to surprise our enemies and stay their pursuit to the Hidden Cove."

"On my oath, but I was thinking of the same thing myself. If they press us too close at the end of the chase, we may not get the lugger under way in time."

"Is there not a suitable spot for an ambush among those rocks ahead?" asked the emperor.

"On my faith, but there is," answered the old smuggler. "Would you take my advice, good monsieur?"

"What is your advice?"

"Let the youngster here and five or six of the lads keep on the run, while the rest of us slip in behind the rocks at the turn here. If we don't beat the soldiers all out when we dash out at them, we'll keep them in play long enough for you to get the lugger under way, and out of the cove in safety."

"We will not divide our force," said Napoleon, whose breath was getting short. "Is this the spot ahead you allude to?"

"It is, good monsieur, but——"

"We will all in behind the rocks together, then, and sally out on the enemy the moment they are in front of us," said Napoleon, in tones that could not be contradicted by the others.

"We'll obey you to the death," responded the old smuggler. "Dash in at the turn, youngster, and I'll give the men the word."

Two minutes more, and Napoleon reached the turn of the cliff with Larry, while the smugglers were very close behind them in a compact body.

The soldiers were not fifty yards behind when the fugitives disappeared around a jutting cliff, and Colonel Rogers led in the exciting chase, while he was not yet aware of the fact that Pauline was not with her friends.

The soldiers had flung away their knapsacks, and they were trailing their muskets as they dashed along at full speed, while their colonel was urging them on to still greater speed, as he cried:

"The infernal pirates must not escape us soldiers! Twenty pounds to the man who will capture the old prisoner or his daughter, and as much more for the son—dead or alive."

The soldiers responded with a shout, and the officer continued:

"We are closing on the rascals. Charge on them with the cold steel, and do not give quarter. Death to the pirates!"

"Death to the Philistines!" yelled the old smuggler, as he fired at his foes. "One volley, and out at them, my lads!"

Before Colonel Rogers could cry "Halt!" ten of his men fell dead or wounded, and before the others could form into line the desperate smugglers were out at them with their flashing cutlasses.

"No quarter to the merciless dogs!" yelled the old smuggler, as he slashed to right and left.

"Here's at you, colonel," cried Larry, as he sprang to face his rival. "I'll avenge the insult you offered now."

The officer parried the blow aimed at him by the young smuggler, as he cried:

"Rally around me, soldiers, and strike down the wretched pirates. Spare the old prisoner and the young lady."

"Look to yourself, rascal," cried Larry, as he aimed another fierce blow at his rival.

Colonel Rogers attempted to ward off the second blow, but it was given with such force that his own weapon was dashed from his hand, and he was stretched on the ground the next instant.

"Hurrah, youngster!" yelled the delighted old smuggler, as he struck down one of the soldiers. "Look sharp for the villain behind you."

The warning was given too late, as a soldier swung his musket at the moment, and struck Larry a fearful blow on the side of the head.

The young smuggler fell on the instant, uttering a groan.

"Take that, you cowardly shark," yelled Captain Lucey, as he struck at the unfortunate soldier and almost severed his head from his body. "No quarter now, my lads. Avenge your young captain. Avenge my son!"

The smugglers set up a vengeful shout as they set on their foes with redoubled fury, for young Larry was fairly adored by all the rough men of the lugger.

Captain Lucey was fearful in his wrath.

The surviving soldiers did not wait to encounter the fury of the enraged smugglers, but turned and fled along the path, flinging their guns away in their fright.

"Pursue the dogs," yelled the old smuggler, "and don't let one of them escape."

"Hold—hold!" cried Napoleon, who had seized the sword of the fallen officer and joined in the fray. "Do you not perceive another body of men hastening this way?"

"That is true," cried the old smuggler, as he ran back to the side of his prostrate son. "Belay there, lads, and let us retreat again. Oh, Larry, Larry, my darling, you are not dead?"

"Let me examine him," said the emperor, as he bent down over the youth. "Ah me, captain, I fear he had received——"

"Oh, don't say that he is dead—the brave boy who was all the world to me," cried the old smuggler, as he wrung his hands in agony. "Why didn't the villain strike me instead. Lift him up, men, and bring him along. I won't believe he's dead, and he so young and handsome."

The emperor drew the half-distracted father hastily aside and whispered:

"Your brave son is dead, and bearing his body away will but retard our flight and place us in——"

"Your pardon, sire, for I was selfish in my anguish," interrupted the old smuggler. "My lads, away with this gentleman, and two of you help him as much as possible. Hasten, I say, for the fresh foes are coming on us. I'll only stop to take a last embrace of my dear boy. I'll have his body yet, I'll go bail. He'll never rest on English soil. On with you all, as fast as you can."

The smugglers hastened on with Napoleon, and the weeping father flung himself on the body of his son, as he sobbed forth:

"Oh, Larry, my darling son! and did you die in that way, when you had such bright prospects before you? But I'll come back for your body, and I'll bury it in the old grave-yard in Ireland, where all your people are waiting for you. Woe is me, but I'll never have the same heart to fight the English tyrants again."

"You'll never raise sword again!" cried a fierce voice behind him, "for your body will soon dangle on the gallows."

At the sound of the voice the old smuggler attempted to spring to his feet, but the speaker struck him on the head with the butt-end of a musket and laid him senseless beside his son.

Then raising his voice to the highest pitch, the man cried:

"Hasten on, soldiers, and we will capture the whole pirate crew. Would that you were alive, you young rascal, to swing with your father!"

Larry Lucey opened his eyes at this moment and rubbed his head, as he muttered aloud:

"I'll save the dear young lady yet. Father, you guard——"

"Ha—he is alive!" cried the man. "You are my prisoner,



young pirate. Attempt to move, and I will dash your brains out with this gun. Do you know me?"

Larry stared up at the man, as he replied, in faint tones:

"You are Colonel Rogers. I thought I had killed you. Where is my—the old gentleman, I beg of you?"

"Your father lies here, and he is my prisoner. You will both be hung as pirates on the morrow, and the old French spy will dangle with you."

"Heaven forbid!" muttered Larry to himself, as he stared around. "They haven't caught the emperor yet, at all events."

A strong body of soldiers reached the spot at the moment, and Colonel Rogers pointed to the father and son, crying:

"Secure those pirates, fellows, and six of you guard them carefully. Bear them back to the inn with you. Forward at the double-quick, soldiers, and we will soon avenge your fallen comrades!"

The vengeful colonel dashed on at the head of his men, just as the old smuggler recovered his senses and stared up at the soldiers, muttering:

"Where is my brave son?"

"I am here, father," replied Larry, in French, "and be careful what you say."

"Oh, heaven be praised that you are alive at all! But sure we are not in the hands of the English?"

"Indeed, we are; but don't you trouble about that, as we may escape. Oh, if the one you know will only get away, what matter what happens to us!"

"He will! he will! Bill the Boaster is brave and cunning, and he'll give the Philistines the slip. Are you much hurt at all? And I giving you up for dead, my brave, noble boy!"

"Stop that infernal lingo!" cried the sergeant in charge of the soldiers. "How do we know but 'tis high treason you're jabbering away at."

"Indeed, and we are not, you ugly looking thief!" said the old smuggler, speaking in English. "This young man is——"

"You are both infernal pirates, and you'll swing in the morning!" cried the sergeant. "None of your impudent back-talk now, but get up and march with us."

"Hadn't we better bind their arms, sergeant?" asked one of the soldiers. "They are as desperate a pair of villains as ever I saw."

"Very true. Take two of your belts and strap their arms behind them. I'll see what they have about them."

"Then you are going to rob us, you thieves!" cried the old smuggler.

"Be quiet, and let them have their own way, father," said Larry, in French.

Then addressing the sergeant in his own language, the young man cried:

"You can keep for yourselves all the money you find about us, and we will swear not to tell Colonel Rogers, or any one else, if you will but allow us to converse together."

"Well, as you appear to be a fair-spoken youth, if you are a pirate, I don't see what harm it will do to let you confab together for the few hours you have left to live. The old rascal's purse is heavy."

"And it is good French gold—the mischief good it may do you," growled the old smuggler.

"I suppose you have plenty more of this at home," said the sergeant, as he emptied the purse into his hand.

"Yes, and plenty of it nearer than that," said Larry, as he bent a meaning look at the sergeant. "I could soon lay my hands on enough to make you all rich men for life. No doubt of it."

"You are humbugging us."

"I swear that I am not. Do us a service, and you shall have a thousand of such gold pieces, each of you."

They were on the march back at the time, and Larry spoke to the sergeant in low tones as he walked beside him, while the others were a few paces behind.

"You want us to let you go, I suppose?" asked the soldiers.

"Certainly, but you needn't do it until we get back to the inn. Then you may assist us in such a way that suspicion will not fall on you."

"That may be; but how are we to get the gold if you get off? You would laugh at us then."

The young sailor pondered a few moments ere he asked:

"Can you trust your comrades?"

"That I can, as far as keeping mum, if they get well-paid for it."

"They will. What time will you all be off of duty to-night?"

"We will be relieved as soon as the colonel returns."

"If I double the amount promised, will you endeavor to bring me some information about a young lady?"

"The one who was a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"I can tell you something about her now."

"Then tell me, and I swear that I will richly reward you. What has become of her, I pray you?"

"I saw her with a red-bearded man as we marched out from the inn. She was going in at the back with him."

"Listen to me, soldier."

The soldier did listen with due attention, while Larry spoke to him in subdued tones.

When they reached the tavern, there was a perfect understanding between them.

## CHAPTER XI.

### NAPOLEON HEARS STRANGE STORIES.

Billy the Boaster and another smuggler had seized Napoleon's arms to hurry him on when they left Captain Lucey with his insensible son.

The mate of the lugger was in great glee, notwithstanding the supposed death of his young friend, as he had distinguished himself in the last fight before one whom he believed to be a prominent officer in the French service.

As Billy could converse in French, he soon commenced at the disguised man by exclaiming aloud:

"Did you ever see such brave fighting in your life, captain?"

"You fought bravely, indeed. I saw you at the onset cutting down a tall soldier."

"Three of them, you mean, and with one stroke of my cutlass. I could show you the marks on my steel on twenty of the rascals, without a doubt, colonel."

"I do not doubt you. May I ask your name, that I may mention it to the emperor himself?"

"Why, man alive, Napoleon knows Billy Dillon as well as he does General Ney. Sure it was only the day before yesterday, after the fight in the harbor, that he sent for me to take dinner with him."

"Indeed! Then it will not be necessary for me to mention your name, as he is already aware of your bravery."

"You can bet your life on that. Didn't he say to me, when we were drinking the hot Irish punch together after dinner:

"'Billy Dillon, you are the bravest sailor in the world to-day, and if you had the education, I'd make an admiral of you.'"

"Then you are not well educated?" said Napoleon, with a smile.

"If I am not, it isn't because my father didn't spend enough on me. Would you believe it, he had all the professors in Trinity College at the house for over two years trying to cram Latin and Greek into my head?"

"And they did not succeed?"

"They didn't, and for a very good reason, colonel. Between ourselves, the girls took up too much of my time."

"Then you are a great favorite with the ladies, Monsieur Dillon?"

"Don't mention it at all, for— But could you keep a secret?"

"I could."

"Then I'll tell you a great one. Josephine has her eye on me."

"You allude to the empress?"

"Who else? The other day, after I dined with Napoleon, she winked at me and beckoned me aside, and said to me in the softest kind of way:

"'Monsieur Dillon, I admire you so much, for you are a great hero.'"

"The captain isn't coming, mate," cried one of the sailors, "but the soldiers are scudding along after us under full sail."

"The poor captain must be taken. Make all sail, my lads, as we must save this gentleman, at all events. How many of the soldiers are behind us?"

"They are three to one of us at the lowest count."

"We'll fight them if they are ten to one, if we can't run. Push on as fast as you can, monsieur, and I will tell you how the empress made love to me."

"I thing it would be as well to defer the story for another occasion," said Napoleon, in serious tones. "You may soon have an opportunity to distinguish yourself again."

"Don't be a bit alarmed, colonel. If we were surrounded by an army of the English, I'd cut a way through them for you, and no mistake about it. Billy Dillon is a man of his word, and



he was never known to make a vain boast in his life. Are we gaining on them now, boys?"

"Aye, aye, mate!"

In less than five minutes after, Napoleon was safe on board the lugger, and the soldiers were searching in vain for the Hidden Cove.

When the soldiers faced back again towards the village, Billy the Boaster and fifteen of the smugglers followed them at a cautious distance.

In the meantime, Larry and his father were placed in the back room from which Napoleon had been rescued.

Soon a door opened and Ralph Dale entered, followed by Pauline. Larry and his father were about to speak to Dale when the door again opened and into the room walked Colonel Rogers. Rogers was for having Larry and his father hung at once, and just as he ordered them to be taken outside Billy the Boaster arrived with a force of smugglers, and, overcoming the soldiers, seized Larry and his father and Pauline, got them onto horses, and hustled them off to the Hidden Cove, their retreat covered by Billy the Boaster's smugglers. But Ralph Dale and the troopers were in close pursuit.

After riding for some time Larry dropped back to the rear of the smugglers.

As he cast his eyes back along the road he saw only one person in pursuit, and that was Ralph Dale.

Larry determined to tackle the spy and settle matters for ever.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DOUBLE DUEL ON THE LONELY ROAD.

The troopers in pursuit of the fugitives had been led astray by Ralph Dale.

The wily spy did not wish Pauline to fall into the hands of the military for reasons of his own, and he had prevailed on the officer in command to proceed to the smuggling village.

When the fugitives disappeared suddenly at the cross-roads near the village, Ralph Dale asserted that that place was their destination, and he asserted that he was taking the other road because his stopping-place was one of the towns to the right.

Pretending that he was a private gentleman living in the neighborhood, and that he had only joined in the hunt out of curiosity, the spy managed to hoodwink the officer as they rode along.

Being well mounted, he then pushed on, without caring whether the horse survived the chase or not.

Ralph Dale felt that the only way to win Pauline was to defeat her friends and then bear her away to some secret hiding-place where Colonel Rogers or Larry could not find her.

As he was brave to rashness, he had no hesitation in encountering Larry again, notwithstanding his former defeats.

The spy had two good pistols at his command, and he resolved not to show any mercy to the smugglers in the coming encounter, feeling that he was even with Larry on account of former favors.

As to Billy the Boaster, he hated the little rogue with all his soul.

When he saw Larry holding back on the lonely road, he at once surmised his purpose.

"Well," he muttered aloud, "it must come to it at last. If I kill Larry Lucey, or wound him severely, it will be all the easier to deal with the little rascal."

Looking to his weapons, the spy pressed on fearlessly, as if only too anxious to encounter his young rival.

Larry rode along leisurely, until he was within hailing distance, and he then wheeled his horse around, crying:

"Halt, Mr. Dale, and let us settle our quarrel as gentlemen."

The spy did halt, as he responded:

"Will you surrender the young lady, and I will allow you to depart in peace?"

"You should know me better than to make such a proposal. I see that you have two pistols."

"I have."

"So have I. Now I propose that we fight like men, and in a fair, manly fashion. What do you say?"

"I agree. You can give the word to fire, if you will."

"No; age is honorable, and you must give the signal as we ride against each other."

"What will the signal be?"

"Ride towards me, and when you are ready to fire, call out, 'For love and glory.'"

"I am satisfied. If neither fall on the first fire, what then?"

"Fire the second shot as soon as you can, and I will do the same."

"Agreed. Before we engage," said the spy, "I must express my regret that we should thus be engaged."

"Then cease your pursuit of the young lady, and we may meet hereafter, and—"

"Never! I will win her, if I had to kill all the friends I ever had."

"Then ride to meet me, and give the word as soon as you please."

As Larry spoke, he drew one of his weapons and urged on the horse.

Ralph Dale was equally prompt in closing to the encounter.

They rode at a canter until they were within about ten paces of each other, when the spy cried, in loud, hoarse tones:

"For love and glory!"

The two pistols went off almost at the same moment.

Larry aimed to hit his rival in the breast, and the bullet skimmed the left arm of the spy, tearing away a piece of his coat-sleeve.

Ralph Dale did not aim at his young rival at all, but he did fire to hit the good horse.

The shot told, as he expected, and the good horse fell suddenly, bearing his rider down with him.

The spy then spurred on as he turned to Larry, crying:

"I could not bear to kill you. You are powerless now."

Larry was powerless, as he was lying on the ground insensible, with the maimed horse by his side, while the animal was struggling to regain his feet.

"Now for the little scoundrel," cried the spy, as he proceeded to reload his empty pistol.

The "little scoundrel" and Pauline had witnessed the sharp struggle from a hill, about half a mile away.

When the young girl saw Larry and his horse falling, a cry of agony burst from her lips, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, the noble youth has fallen! If you are his friend, you will avenge him and save me from that dreadful man."

"Faith, 'tis I that will avenge him and save you from a dozen like him, my own darling," cried Billy, as he wheeled about to face the spy.

"What are you about?"

"I'm going to fight him, to be sure, my heart's delight."

"But would it not be better to escape to the cove. You will stand a better chance against him—"

"A chance against him!" exclaimed the vain-glorious little rogue. "Why, I'm able for two like him with these pistols. There's not a shot like me in the wide world. Ride on till you see how I'll fix him."

Pauline did ride on, and Billy advanced to meet his foe, crying:

"The eyes of beauty are on me. I feel like one of the great heroes of Troy fighting for his girl, as the old school-master used to tell us about."

Billy did not cut a very war-like figure as he rode to the fray, but he was not an enemy to be despised for all that.

Having disposed of his own weapons during the other frays, he had secured two horse-pistols from the holsters of the horse of the fallen trooper.

While riding along with Pauline, he examined the weapons carefully, and he saw that the priming of each was in good order.

As Billy was not as chivalrous as his young master, he resolved to fight Ralph Dale as best he could, taking all the advantages that might be offered.

The men rode towards each other, each holding a weapon ready for use when within the proper distance, while they were both resolved on the death-struggle.

When Billy was confident of his range, he took aim and fired.

The ball struck Ralph Dale's horse in the mouth, and the wounded animal reared back suddenly, and came near pitching its rider off the saddle.

"Here's one for you now, you treacherous shark," cried the desperate little fellow, as he rode down on his foe.

The spy recovered himself almost on the instant, and he fired at Billy, aiming at his head.

Billy felt a stinging sensation in his right ear, and he cried:

"A close shave, by all that's wicked, but that's better."



As he spoke, he aimed the second pistol at Ralph Dale's head, and the bullet struck the spy on the temple.

The strong man fell from his horse without uttering a groan, while the little victor cried, in uproarious tones:

"It takes me to fight the villain. I could kill a dozen like him."

"You are a brave man, in truth," cried Pauline, as she rode down towards him. "Is he dead?"

"As a door-nail, to be sure, light of my heart. Do you suppose William Dillon ever botches his work?"

"Then let us ride down to our dear friend, for mercy's sake."

"What good can we do him, now that he's dead? Let us away to the cove before the soldiers are on us."

"And leave the brave youth here on the desolate roadside? I am astonished at you. He may only be stunned. Let us to the assistance of the dear youth."

And without waiting for permission from her sole protector, Pauline rode down to where Larry was lying.

"The mischief take the dear youth, dead or alive," grumbled Billy. "Here's my thanks for fighting like a hero for her. She doesn't even offer to give me a kiss. By all that's loving, but I'll have plenty of them before very long."

Pauline was off the horse and kneeling by Larry before the jealous little rogue could reach the spot.

Oh, how it went to his heart to see the fair girl, with tears in her bright eyes, lift the young man's head and support it on her arm, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, he's dead!—he perished in my behalf—the brave, noble youth!"

Then Billy ground his teeth in rage, as she bent down her head and kissed the cold forehead, as she continued:

"I would give all my fortune to see him open his eyes and smile on me. Oh, see if you cannot get some water. He may only be in a faint, as I cannot see that he is wounded."

"May he be as dead as a mackerel," muttered Billy, who did not budge from the horse. "All the kisses for the dead, and not as much as a smile for the hero who saved her. And this is the thanks a great man gets in this world. But she will be mine yet, and no mistake."

"Why will you not assist me, you selfish clown?" cried Pauline, as she bent a scornful glance at Billy.

"A clown, indeed! My good lady, I think you might keep a civil tongue in your head to one who—Heavens alive!—here come the soldiers now. Come, away with you, and leave him alone. Sure, he's as dead as a herrin'."

"He is not dead, I assure you. Do I not feel his dear heart beating. Behold! he is opening his eyes! Oh, we must save him—we must save him!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BILLY, THE BOASTER, AT WORK.

Larry did open his eyes, indeed.

It seemed as if the caresses of the fair girl had brought him back to life.

Billy the Boaster was raving like a madman, as he beheld the troopers approaching, and he yelled:

"Girl, we'll all be taken, if you don't mount and away with me. I tell you he's dead."

"And I say he is not," returned Pauline. "If you have a heart, assist me in placing him on the horse. Oh, Monsieur Lucey, you are not dead?"

"Indeed, I am not, unless I am in Paradise," returned Larry, as he struggled to his feet and stared around. "Now I remember what happened. Oh, you are very kind to me."

"Blood and thunder, don't you see the soldiers coming?" roared Billy. "Get up on that horse, and I'll take charge of the young lady. You are not able."

"Am I not, you infernal little rogue? I'll show you."

Larry lifted Pauline on the horse, and then sprang up behind her, crying:

"We'll away to the cove now, dear young lady. Come on, Billy, and see if I'm not worth a dozen dead men yet."

Muttering between his teeth, Billy rode on after the pair.

He was baffled for the time, but he did not despair.

There was a "power of mischief" in the brain of the cunning little boaster still, and Larry had more to fear from him than from all his open enemies.

The soldiers were dashing about half a mile behind the young pair, as the latter passed the dead spy.

"Who killed Ralph Dale?" Larry asked, with a sigh of regret. "I suppose it is some of Billy's work?"

"Yes, he is very brave, but he is so very unscrupulous and vain. The little fool insists on making love to me."

"I'll cut his saucy tongue out. He will never attempt it again, I warrant. I am so glad the spy did not fall by my hand, yet I cannot regret his death, as it will insure our safety."

"Then you have no fear of escaping from the soldiers?"

"Not the slightest. The spy being dead, we will be safe in the cove until the lugger arrives to-night."

"But are the soldiers not near enough to see us enter the secret passage to the cove, think you?"

"You will see that they are not. Yonder bluff will screen us in a few minutes, and the passage is but a short distance beyond it."

"Do you not feel the effects of your late encounter?"

"Not the slightest. I was but stunned by the fall from the horse."

The bluff was soon gained, and the young people sprang from the horse to enter the secret passage.

Billy was close behind them.

The two horses were sent galloping along the path, and the three fugitives entered the passage before the mounted soldiers appeared around the bluff.

What a sigh of relief escaped from Larry when he escorted Pauline into the cavern under the cliff, where food and wine awaited them, and where they hoped to rest in peace until the arrival of the lugger.

Sly Billy was now all smiles and attention, and he waited on the young pair as if he was their faithful servant.

The little rogue went out several times to spy on the soldiers, and he reported that they were still hovering about the cliffs in search of the hiding-place.

Pauline was asleep in a corner of the cavern, and Larry was reclining near the entrance, when Billy returned from one of his trips, and said:

"Who do you suppose is up above there now?"

"Not the spy, I hope," returned Larry, springing up.

"Heaven forbid, for I don't want to see a ghost."

"Who is it, then?"

"Colonel Rogers. And isn't he raving at the soldiers for letting us escape and for not finding us now. I'm afraid they'll camp out there all night, and watch for the lugger from the cliffs."

"That is bad news. If they remain, we must signal the lugger to keep off. We can get out in the boat there."

"But, sure, they'll fire on the boat from the cliffs."

"We'll have to risk that. Don't mention our new danger to the young lady. The soldiers may soon retire."



"I have heard what you were saying," said Pauline, as she rose from the rough couch on which she had been sleeping. "Do not fear I will falter if fresh dangers arise, dear friend." "We will not fail in rescuing you now, young lady, no matter what fresh dangers may arise," said Larry.

It was then late in the afternoon, and Larry sent Billy up to spy again.

When the young friends were alone, Pauline said, with a sigh:

"Dear me, but that man will be treacherous to us."

"He has been very faithful heretofore. In truth, we have regarded him as the best man in the lugger. Why should he prove false at this crisis, dear lady?"

"I cannot answer, and yet I have a presentiment that he will prove false. Would that he were not here."

"He can but bring the soldiers on us, and he will suffer with us. Banish such thoughts, I pray you, and think only of escaping from our enemies above. Yet I would that the emperor did not venture here to-night."

"That is what disturbs me. Imagine what the consequences would be if that little wretch were to betray the emperor to his hateful English enemies."

"It would be fearful in truth. Remain here, and I will up and see what Billy is doing now. We must not trust him, when there is so much at stake."

Larry stole up through the narrow, winding passage between the rocks, keeping a bright lookout for Billy.

As he neared the opening and he did not see anything of the little boaster, his heart beat faster with alarm, and he muttered to himself:

"Is it possible that the little rogue is intriguing with the enemy? Oh, I cannot believe that he would be so infernally treacherous to us all. He must have climbed up here on the cliff to watch the soldiers outside. I will up and see."

Larry chambered up the side of the steep passage with much difficulty; and when he reached the top, he crawled along over the rough rocks on his hands and knees, fearing detection by the soldiers outside.

On reaching the edge of the cliff looking landwards, Larry peered cautiously out.

A large body of soldiers were stationed along the open space outside, and they were all resting, with their arms stacked, as if expecting to remain there some time.

Larry looked carefully around, expecting to see Billy, but he was very agreeably disappointed.

"Where is the little rogue?" muttered the young sailor.

At that moment his ear caught the sound of voices directly under him, and drawing himself out so that his head and shoulders extended over the cliff, he looked down.

There he beheld Billy, the traitor, in confidential converse with Colonel Rogers.

There were no soldiers within hearing, and the pair spoke loud enough for Larry to hear them.

"I tell you, colonel," said the little traitor, "that the lugger is sure to put in here to-night with the great man on board."

"The news is almost too wonderful for belief, sirrah."

"Are you not satisfied that it was him you had as a prisoner last night? Don't you know who the fine young lady is now, I ask you?"

"That is true. Yet I cannot believe that he will venture in here again. And you say that Mr. Dale was aware who he was all the time?"

"To be sure he was. He kept silent, all on account of his love for the young lady, you must know."

"I understand, fellow. But how can I trust you in such an important affair? I think it will be best to sally down the passage and secure our birds in the cavern. Then we can

seize the lugger and the great man when they arrive to-night."

"You can do as you like, colonel, but you will spoil the sport if you do not trust and follow my advice. Do you know why I turn traitor to my friends?"

"To save your own precious neck, of course, and gain a rich reward in the bargain, sirrah."

"You are mistaken. 'Tis for vengeance alone I'm working. Larry Lucey has won the girl I set my heart on, and——"

"You impudent scoundrel, do you presume to love that young lady?"

"Why not? As good and as handsome as she has cast loving eyes on me before now, I tell you."

"Stop your insane nonsense, or I will think that I am dealing with a madman."

"And so you are dealing with a madman, for I am mad with love."

"Cease, fool, and proceed with your suggestions in this important affair. Why should we not arrest those below now?"

"Because if you do the lugger will not come in, and you will miss a capture that will gain you everlasting fame and fortune."

"Why should their capture interfere with the coming in of the lugger?"

"Because Larry Lucey can give the signal that all is safe in here."

"Do you not know it?"

"I do not. It was privately arranged between Larry and his father, and they did not trust even to me, on account of the great man being on board, I suppose."

"Can you come out here again without creating suspicion?"

"I suppose I can, when it is dark. I had better go back now, and report that all the soldiers have left the neighborhood."

"Then I will meet you here, when I hear some signal from you. What would you suggest, fellow?"

"You know the cry of a sea-gull, I suppose, colonel?"

"I do."

Larry did not wait to hear any more, but hastened down into the passage with all speed, and then down to the cavern, as if his life depended on haste.

Pauline saw at once that he had important news.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I have no time for explanations now. Be kind enough to retire to the back of the cavern and rest there. When I call on you for a coil of that rope, be prompt in bringing it to me."

Pauline nodded in a significant manner, and withdrew to the back of the cavern without uttering a word.

It was growing quite dark as Larry stretched himself near the opening, and when Billy appeared he asked, as he stretched his arms and gave a yawn:

"What news now, Billy?"

"Begor, but they're all off now. There's not a sign of one of them around."

"Perhaps they have only retreated for awhile, to return again."

"I think not, for I went out and looked about carefully in every direction."

Larry arose with another yawn, as he said:

"You had better stretch yourself, and rest for a few hours, Billy, as you must be very tired indeed. Take a sleep until the lugger comes in, if you can."

"I don't feel much like sleeping, but I'll take a rest for awhile anyway."

Billy stretched himself on the ground, as he said to himself:

"'Tis little the young villain thinks what I am preparing for him. I swore I'd win the girl, and I'll do it, if I had to sell my soul to the old boy."



The mental vow was scarcely made when Larry flung himself down on the little traitor, seized him by the arms, and turned him over on his face, as he cried:

"You infernal little hound, you will die the death of a traitor. The rope, young lady."

Though the little rascal was taken by surprise, he struggled with all his might to free himself from the grasp of his assailant.

Billy was wiry, and very strong for one of his size; but he was no match for the vigorous youth who then held him in his grasp.

With the assistance of Pauline, the little traitor was soon safely secured.

While this operation was going on, the oaths that fell from Billy's lips were heavy enough to sink the largest frigate in the French navy.

Dragging him in to the back of the cavern, Larry secured him to an iron staple driven into the rock.

By this time Billy's passion had somewhat subsided, and he said, in jeering tones:

"You think the coast is clear for you now, my fine buck, to be off with the fine young lady, but you'll find your mistake before you are many hours older, cute as you are."

"You'll find yourself dangling from the yard-arm of the lugger, you treacherous shark," retorted Larry.

"Colonel Rogers will be down here with the soldiers before the lugger will come in at all."

"Colonel Rogers will come down here, but not with his soldiers. He will come as my prisoner."

"Do you mean to say that you will venture up there to take him?"

"I do. Now I will trouble you for that false wig and whiskers. We'll see if I can't imitate your squeaking voice to perfection, and the cry of the sea-gull as well."

"Thunder and turf!" exclaimed Billy, in utter amazement, "how did you find that out at all?"

"No matter now. Young lady, I believe you can use a pistol?"

"Certainly I can, my friend."

"Then be kind enough to sit here and watch this treacherous hound. If he attempts to escape, you will not hesitate to shoot him on the instant."

"In truth, I will not."

Pauline took her station to watch the prisoner, and Larry proceeded to put on the wig and whiskers taken from Billy.

When the disguise was completed he secured all the other weapons in his belt, and assumed a bent attitude, as he said, imitating Billy's squeaking voice to perfection:

"If you take my advice, colonel, you will gain everlasting fame and fortune."

"By the powers of darkness," exclaimed Billy, "but he'll capture the colonel. Master Larry, you are a born genius."

"And you are a born villain."

"I was as true as steel to you until you came inside of me with—"

"Silence, you scoundrel. One word with you, young lady."

Pauline followed Larry to the opening of the cavern, when he said:

"My dear young lady, I am about to go up to capture or slay Colonel Rogers. He knows the entrance to the secret passage, and if I do not silence him or make him prisoner, he will lead the soldiers down here before the lugger arrives."

"I will not attempt to detain you, dear friend. I can only pray that you will succeed in your mission."

"I will succeed. I will not say farewell, as I will soon be with you again. Watch that cunning rascal well."

"Fear not."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE LAST STRUGGLES ON THE ENGLISH COAST.

Colonel Rogers, with his right arm in a sling, was stretched on some blankets behind a rock, and indulging in pleasant reveries.

"What a stroke of fortune it will be," he muttered, "if I capture Napoleon and win the beautiful creature."

A cry, as if coming from a startled sea-gull, fell on his ears, and he started to his feet, as he said to himself:

"That is the little spy. I will now surprise the rascal."

Advancing to the opening of the secret passage with hasty strides, he was soon under the overhanging cliff, crying:

"Are you there, sirrah?"

"Yes, I am here, colonel," answered a squeaking voice, "and I have news for you."

"What is it?"

"The lugger is off the coast, and young Lucey has signaled to her to come in. She will be in here in an hour."

"Well, what then?"

"It will be necessary for you to come down to the cove with me now, so as you will know the way to lead your men."

"Is the passage so intricate, then?"

"It is that, and it is so narrow that only one can move at the time."

"Lead on then, and beware that you do not attempt any treachery. At the first indication of it, I will blow your brains out."

"Do so and welcome. Come on, and mind your footing."

Colonel Rogers cocked a pistol and held it in his uninjured hand as he followed his guide into the dark, narrow passage, the opening to which was concealed by a large rock that was moved inwards by a mechanical contrivance.

The guide led the officer along the winding path in silence, leaving the entrance closed behind them.

When they reached the cove, the man stopped and pointed to the cavern, saying:

"They are in there now. You can bring your men along, and range them along the rocks here at the side without being seen. When the lugger arrives they will surely be at our mercy."

"Then you will get your reward, sirrah. Now I will return and bring in the men."

The officer turned to the narrow passage, still holding the pistol in his hand, when the guide sprang on him, dashed the weapon to the ground, and hurled him down as he cried:

"Treachery will not avail you this time, Colonel Rogers. You are my prisoner."

Larry Lucey spoke in his natural tones, as he pressed his knee on the colonel's breast and presented a pistol at his head.

"Who are you?" gasped the astounded man.

"I am known as Larry of the Lugger, and I serve Napoleon. I will take your sword. Now arise, and go before me."

The colonel arose crest-fallen, as he muttered aloud:

"What an idiot I was to trust that little scoundrel!"

"The little scoundrel is a prisoner like yourself, as you will see. Enter that cavern. Another candidate for more rope, young lady."

Pauline sprang up joyously, and handed a piece of rope to Larry, as she said:

"This is a pleasure, in truth. Ah, Colonel Rogers, you are a brave man, but you are unfortunate."



The officer glared from the young girl to Billy, while the latter cried:

"Misery loves company. Begor, colonel, he's cute enough a dozen like us."

Larry was in the act of binding the colonel's arms, when the latter flung him aside with great violence, and then dashed out of the cavern.

The young sailor dashed after him on the instant, and drew a pistol, as he cried:

"Stop and surrender, or your death be on your own head!"

Colonel Rogers wheeled around, holding a small pistol in his left hand, and fired point-blank at Larry, as he cried:

"Your death is assured, rebel dog."

The bullet struck the young man on the temple, and he fell on the sand, his pistol going off at the same moment.

"Now is my hour of triumph!" cried Colonel Rogers, as he planted his foot on his prostrate foe. "You are my prisoner now, my pert young lady!"

The pert young lady appeared at the mouth of the cavern on the instant, and a cry of agony burst from her lips as she saw Larry lying on the ground with the hated officer over him.

"I'll avenge you, my dear friend," she cried, in passionate tones, as she raised the pistol and took aim at the officer.

"Hold, hold!" he cried, as he crouched down and flung the empty pistol at the girl.

Pauline drew back one step, took deliberate aim and fired, as she exclaimed:

"I will avenge my noble friend!"

The pistol exploded, and the aim was sure, as the officer fell beside Larry, crying:

"You have killed me!"

Pauline, still holding the smoking pistol in her hand, sprang to Larry and bent down over him, as she cried:

"Oh, is it possible that you are dead, after achieving so many triumphs, my beloved friend? Will you not open your eyes again and speak to one who loves you so well?"

Larry did not open his eyes, and no word escaped his lips.

"I will pour wine down his throat," cried Pauline. "He cannot be dead. Oh, would that some kind friend were here!"

"A kind friend is here, young lady," said a voice behind her. "On my honor, but I have arrived in good time."

Pauline started on hearing the voice; and when she turned to perceive the speaker, she started back in afright, exclaiming:

"Monsieur Dale! Do you live?"

"I do live, and I am at your service, young lady," replied the spy. "What a drama has been enacting here! Is my friend Lucey dead?"

"Oh, I fear he is, the dear youth. If he is your friend, you will assist me. Will you hold up his head while I pour some wine into his mouth?"

Ralph Dale was bending over Larry and feeling his breast.

"'Tis no use," he said, with a sigh. "The brave youth is dead, and I am very sorry for him, although we fought each other as brave men should fight."

"Dead—dead! Then I do not care to live. Ah, me, this is a dark night for me!"

"Do not say so, young lady. I will guard you and cheer you. Live for me and I will be your slave forever."

"Begone, and leave me alone."

"I will go, but you will come with me, young lady."

"Go with you!"

"Yes, you will go with me. Calm yourself and listen to me."

"I will not listen to you. Begone, and leave me with the dead."

"This is trifling," cried Ralph Dale, as he darted forward and seized the young girl. "You cannot hope to escape me now, after all my struggles for you."

Lifting Pauline in his arms, the spy was carrying her towards the passage, when Billy darted out of the cave, crying:

"By all that's wicked, but you'll have to kill me before you whip the darling off that way."

When Ralph Dale heard the voice of the little boaster, he dropped Pauline and turned to meet him.

Billy stopped only to pick up the empty pistol which had fallen from the young girl, and then he rushed on the spy.

Ralph Dale drew a pistol, but before he could fire, the brave little fellow closed on him, and struck him a powerful blow between the eyes with his own weapon.

The spy staggered back, and his pistol went off at the same moment.

Billy staggered a moment in turn, but he recovered himself on the instant, and dashed in again, crying:

"I'll fight to the death for the darling, you villain."

As the little hero spoke he dealt the spy a crushing blow on the forehead that sent him to the ground.

"That settles him forever, or I'm mistaken," cried Billy, as he staggered against a rock, "and I'm finished myself in the bargain. Tell Larry, my darling, that I died for you, and ask him to forgive me."

The brave little fellow sank on the ground, as he spoke, pressing his hand to his breast at the same time.

"Oh, you are not dead also!" cried Pauline, in agonizing tones.

"Faith, but I near it. I feel there's a hole here near my heart. Beg of Larry Lucey to forgive me. I was beside myself out of love for you."

"Larry does forgive you," said a faint voice, as the young sailor drew himself up and tottered towards his old friend.

"Then I die easy. Thank fortune, all your enemies are gone now, and the lugger will soon be here."

The brave little boaster never uttered another word.

Pauline sprang to support Larry, and embraced him fondly, as she muttered:

"Oh, I mourned you as dead, dear friend. What a dreadful night it has been!"

"Our troubles will be soon over now, my beloved lady, for the lugger is coming in. You will soon be under the emperor's protection, and I will be but as a stranger to you."

"A stranger to me! You are cruel. Do you not know that I love you? and I know you love me."

"Then I will make a glorious name for your sake, my dearest. Will you wait two short years for me?"

"A dozen, if you will."

\* \* \* \* \*

The lugger bore the happy pair away to France, and Napoleon expressed himself as well pleased with Larry Lucey's brave actions.

The great general did not invade England, as he was compelled to turn his armies against the Austrians and Prussians at the time.

Just two years afterwards a gay marriage was celebrated in Paris, and the bride was Pauline, the beautiful daughter of the Count De La Croix, one of the richest nobles in France.

The groom was Captain Lawrence Lucey, a distinguished officer in the French army.

He was once known on the English coast as Larry of the Lugger.

Next week's issue will contain "3000 MILES THROUGH CLOUDS; OR, DROPPED AMONG AN UNKNOWN RACE."

By Berton Bertrew.



## CURRENT NEWS

An Italian, Gaetano Sangiorgi, has been sentenced in Paris to a year's imprisonment for biting off the end of the nose of a girl whom he loved but who had ceased to love him. The Italian invited the girl to appear at a restaurant. For the last time he appealed to her to listen to his suit. She refused. He drew her toward him as if to kiss her, but instead bit off the end of her nose.

Last spring a traveling cigar salesman purchased a Scotch collie from Cleve Adams, of Monmouth, Ill. It was shipped to the home of the new owner in Pittsburg, Pa. Recently Mr. Adams heard a noise at the door. On opening it, he was greeted by his old pet, wagging his tail. The dog had traveled more than one thousand miles. He appeared tired and his feet showed signs of hardship.

To escape working a sentence on the county farm, near Little Rock, Ark., Robert Howe attempted to cut off his toes with a razor he had concealed upon his person. When Howe was photographed for identification several weeks ago he attempted to foil efforts of detectives to obtain a good likeness by removing his right eye of glass and smashing it on the floor. Howe is said to be wanted in Omaha, Lincoln and Chicago for alleged safe-cracking jobs.

Phineas E. Crapo, foreman of the farm of Samuel P. Colt, president of the United States Rubber Company, Bristol, R. I., suffered a broken left leg, a fractured skull and other injuries when an automobile which he was driving on the Colt farm shot off the private drive over a three-foot sea wall and into Narragansett Bay. Fishermen saw Crapo floundering in the water, the machine partly submerged, and went to his rescue. The auto was pulled out of the water by a yoke of oxen on the Colt place.

Five hundred dollars a week for one fisherman is the average earned by salmon fishers who have begun to return from the banks to Tacoma, Wash., with shipload after shipload of their catches and their faces wreathed in smiles over what they declared was the most successful season in history. Jack Anich, one of the dozen of the salmon fishers of Tacoma, said that during the comparatively short period, four weeks, which they are allowed to fish, no less than 2,000,000 cases of salmon had been caught in Puget Sound and British Columbia waters, valued at \$15,000,000. Tacoma and Gig Harbor fishermen are bringing \$750,000 worth of salmon to Old Town alone.

Local postal employees at Seattle were treated to a surprise recently at finding in the parcel post mail, marked "fragile," a canary. The tiny songster was sent from Mount Vernon by parcel post and special delivery for a resident of Capitol Hill and gave no sign of not enjoying its imprisonment in Uncle Sam's mail until preparations were made for sending it on the last leg of its journey. Then it had the flutters so badly that the parcel post clerk

was about ready to hurl himself through the window until he peered through the airholes of the container to find that he had a wee canary. Although the sending of live birds through the parcel post is not permitted, the canary was safely delivered to its new owner the next day.

Samuel Gompers will rule the American Federation of Labor for another year. After re-electing him by a practically unanimous vote and selecting Philadelphia as the 1914 convention city over Fort Worth, Tex., the federation convention adjourned. The attempt of the insurgents to defeat Gompers was futile. Only one delegate opposed Gompers's re-election, Delegate Knerr, of Salt Lake, who was instructed. James Duncan, opposed, was elected first vice-president. John Mitchell was succeeded as second vice-president by James O'Connell, ex-third vice-president. Mitchell and the United Mine Workers failed in their efforts to elect John White, their president, to fill the vacancy. He was elected seventh vice-president.

During the six days after deer season in Massachusetts, which ended at dark November 22, it is estimated by the Fish and Game Commissioners that 1,500 bucks and does have been killed. The number of hunters in the chase was greater than on any of the five previous days. Reports received by the Commissioners up to noon nearly equalled last year's record of 1,260. With so many gunners in the field the absence of reports of fatal accidents is considered remarkable. The Commissioners believe that the law prohibiting the use of rifles and revolvers has protected the majority of careful sportsmen from the careless minority. Only four accidents had been reported. The last occurred November 21, when James Albano, of Springfield, was shot by an unknown hunter at Chester.

The landing of field guns and munitions of war on shores which vessels cannot approach closely is one of the exciting tasks for the men on the warships of the world's great navies, says *Popular Mechanics*. The maneuver is especially necessary in the navies of the colonial power which must be in readiness to land fighting forces on any of the unapproachable shores of their colonies. British, German and French sailors have long been trained in making such landings and since the United States has become a colonial power the crews of American battleships are likely to be called upon for similar service. The battleship or transport carrying the guns anchors as near the shore as possible and a cable is stretched from the vessel's deck to a tripod derrick on shore. A two-wheeled trolley, from which are suspended the various parts of the guns, is drawn along the cable by a rope running to the men on shore. The guns are dismounted and several trips are necessary to land all the parts of one gun. The most thrilling part of the work is carried on by the men who ride on the load to keep it from swaying or becoming unfastened from the trolley.



## TATTERS

OR,

## THE BOY WHO OWNED THE HOTEL

BY J. P. RICHARDS.

(A Serial Story)

## CHAPTER X (continued).

"My idea exactly!" exclaimed Jake, in a suppressed whisper. "We'd only have one piece of tattooing to do against two, and our chances of success would be proportionately greater. I say it is the thing to do, and, anyhow, I'm blamed sure that we could never carry the scheme through with the other fellow. I don't believe he is worth running the risk we take in getting him out of the hotel."

"There's no risk. The door of 23 is open, and Riley is on the watch."

"That's all right, but the risk is there just the same."

"Say no more. We'll do it. Anyhow, I'm only too glad to drop with that young crank. After giving himself up to us he tried to give us the slip, and we would never have got him on here from Philadelphia if I hadn't drugged him with a double dose and shipped him in that trunk, which in itself was a risky thing to do, for if he had died the job might have been traced home to us, and for all I know it may be yet."

"You are right there, Sloky. It was a crazy thing to do, and you never would have done it if you hadn't been full."

Sly gave a contemptuous grunt, and then drew a bottle and a handkerchief from his pocket.

It was chloroform again now.

Tatters got his dose and never knew it, and then he got another dose of the drug forced between his lips.

What happened after that Tatters never knew, but as we happen to know, the reader may as well be let into the mystery right here.

As soon as it was certain that Tatters was entirely under the influence of the chloroform and the drug, Sly and Jake, after a careful examination of the hall outside, picked the unconscious boy up between them and carried him downstairs and into room No. 23.

Before leaving, however, Sly gave the boy on the bed another dose of the drug, which threw him into the same state in which he was when the trunk was first opened. It was a wonder that it did not kill him outright.

Once in 23, behind the locked door, which Sly had opened with a false key before going into the room upstairs, he went to the window, raised the sash and gave a peculiar whistle, low, but shrill and penetrating.

Tatters lay upon the bed scarcely seeming to breathe, while Jake, taking a coil of very strong cord out of his pocket, began to twist it into a sort of sling which could be fastened under the arms of the unconscious boy.

While this was going on Sly stood by the open window patiently watching. In a moment he suddenly thrust his head out and waved his hand.

"Is Riley there?" whispered Jake.

"Yes; ready?"

"Almost."

"Be quick. Some one in the hotel may see him, and that would be sure to get us into trouble. Come, hurry up."

"I'm all ready now," said Jake. "You do the job. You are stronger than I am."

Sly wasted no more time in talk.

The cord was adjusted under Tatters' arms, and with the help of Jake, he was lifted through the window and let down into the courtyard below, where a man seized him, and, undoing the cord, dragged him under the arched door which led from the courtyard into the basement of the next building.

Sly and Jake listened attentively. There was no alarm sounded—nothing to make them think that any one had witnessed their distasteful act.

They then proceeded to put on false beards, which each took from his pocket, and, slipping out of the room, walked boldly downstairs into the office and left the hotel.

The night clerk saw them go, but he thought nothing of it, supposing that these two men, whom he perfectly well remembered registering, were going for one of the early morning trains.

Another mystery had occurred in the Star House.

It was the mystery of Tatters.

Before noon next day half the detectives in New York were searching for the boy.

Sam DeLacy was one of the most active in the matter, and the first place he struck in at was Dedburn's gambling house.

Nothing came of it.

No such person as Mr. Sly was known there, according to all that the detective could learn.

The house was searched from top to bottom, but nothing was found of Tatters, for the very excellent reason that the boy was not there.

Nor was anything heard of him as the days went on, and as a consequence there was much mourning at the hotel, for, as one of the drummers graphically expressed it, "the Star House without Tatters was like a hen without a head."

## CHAPTER XI.

## A VILLAINOUS PLOT.

Meanwhile, what had become of Tatters?

Although the disappearance of the boy was a mystery down around the Star House, we don't propose to make any mystery about it, but to keep right with the boy, and follow him through his various adventures just as they occurred.

In the early morning Tatters was taken out through the side entrance to the building next to the Star House, which cornered on the other street.

Riley, the janitor of the building, who happened to be an old pal of Sly's, helped his friend to do the job, and the unconscious boy was bundled into a hack and driven away.

It was noon before Tatters came to himself.

Meanwhile, that other unconscious boy at the Star House had been sent to the hospital, and the whole hotel was up in arms about Tatters, who was lying snugly in bed in a large room well furnished in old-fashioned style.

(To be continued.)



## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

In testing out the steel car with a view to proving its indestructibility by fire a railroad company placed in one of this type 200 pounds of shavings and wood saturated with oil, set fire to it and allowed the mass to burn itself out. The paint and upholstery were destroyed, but no damage was done to the car as a structural whole. At present 2,872 steel passenger cars are in service on this one system, and this is about one-half of the total of steel passenger cars in service in the United States.

Mrs. Clarissa A. Bailey, an Indian woman of Seattle, Wash., argued her own case before the Supreme Court, dividing her time with her attorneys. It appeared Mrs. Bailey had difficulties with her lawyers, and Chief Justice Crow departed from the usual rule and allowed her a hearing. In the past a few male litigants have presented their own cases, but never has a woman not a lawyer claimed this privilege. Mrs. Bailey is contesting assessments against her property by the city of Seattle in improvement work.

Considering the rapid growth in the importance of the German stage in recent years, both from a national and an international point of view, the figures published as the result of the latest inquiry into stage salaries in Germany cannot fail to surprise. As many as sixteen dramatic artists are recorded as earning \$2,500 or more in a season, but, on the other hand, more than half of those who answered the inquiry gave \$375 as the amount of their season's income. The table of more than 2,000 answers shows that 56 had received less than \$100. The season may be counted as eight or nine months in the year.

The most modern of Zeppelin dirigible airships, the Zeppelin VI., intended for the service of the German army, ascended from Lake Constance the other day and started on her first trip, during which she will try to reach Gotha, about 250 miles due north. Work is being pushed forward on the new naval Zeppelin which is to replace the one destroyed in the catastrophe at Johannisthal on October 17, when the entire crew of twenty-eight officers and men were killed. The airship under construction embodies all those improvements believed by experts necessary to obviate such accidents as that which caused the recent disaster.

A curious phenomenon has been witnessed at Gibraltar. Lurid coppery masses of cloud suddenly shrouded the heavens over the rock and surrounding bay, after which fell a heavy shower of rain, the color of reddish mud, leaving a pinkish stain in many parts of the town. It is conjectured that a sandstorm in the neighboring African wilds had gathered the particles into the air, and that, meeting with the humid atmosphere of Gibraltar and a drop in temperature, they fell in rain. Following the red rain a yellow rainstorm has now been experienced and vessels arriving here report having noted the same phenomenon.

Scotland still produces pearls found mainly in the water mussel. They could no doubt be found in England if the industry were profitable. Cleopatra was not the only person who swallowed a dissolved pearl. Until comparatively recently they were used medicinally in the West, and still appear in the materia medica of China. According to one Chinese authority a pearl, after being treated with pumice stone and honeycomb, mixed with the gall of a serpent, "might be drawn out to the length of three or four feet. Make it into pills and swallow them—henceforth food will be unnecessary." The suggestion is not that the patient would be finished off, but that he would live, foodless, forever.

An appropriation of \$20,000 to exterminate jackrabbits, ground squirrels and prairie dogs in the Rocky Mountain States was introduced by Representative Smith, of Idaho, who says the rodents are playing havoc with the crops in his section. "In a recent rabbit drive in Idaho more than 18,000 rabbits were killed," says Mr. Smith, "but because of the prolific nature of the animal this slaughter has made scarcely any impression on the rabbit population." Mr. Smith suggests a systematic method of poisoning the rabbits, adding: "The jackrabbits swarm upon a field of growing grain in such numbers that they completely destroy the crop, and they are also very injurious to growing fruit trees in the newer sections of the country."

The refusal of several aeroplane manufacturers to enter their machines for the international cup competition, at Rheims, France, indicates that aerial racing is going the way of automobile racing. Designers aver that the over-engined and lightly constructed air machines built for speed do not actually advance aviation more than machines built for automobile racing alone are fit for everyday practical use. Aviation appears to-day to be entering upon a period in which study and experiment will be carried out in the direction of heavier, slower and safer machines. The effort will be to drive a heavier apparatus at a speed less dangerous than a mile a minute or more, the velocity attained by most lightweight aeroplanes of this season.

The new Japanese battle cruiser Kongo, which has just sailed from Plymouth, England, for home, is taking with her forty torpedoes of a new and secret design. These torpedoes, a 21-inch weapon officially known as the V. L., are as great an improvement upon the British admiralty's Hardecastle weapon as that torpedo was upon its cold-air predecessors. Both are propelled by heated air, but while the Hardecastle had a range of 8,000 yards, the V. L. can travel from 10,000 to 12,000 yards at a speed of 48 knots. The trials of the Japanese order were made under the personal supervision of two officers of the Kongo, and the tests were carried on with the greatest secrecy. They are said to have been highly satisfactory. In a few weeks the company manufacturing this new weapon will begin work on a large order for delivery to the United States navy.



# WORKING FOR WILL

— OR —

## THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT STAY DOWN

By WILLIAM WADE.

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER III (continued).

"The fact is," continued Mr. Ransley, leaning against the carpenter's bench, "I have recently bought the old Deland cottage on the shore, at the foot of Harbor Hill. I want it thoroughly overhauled, and I am willing to spend several thousand dollars. I'd like to do you a good turn, boy, but——"

"But you ought to know just how I stand, sir," broke in Will. "My father was a carpenter and builder, and he taught me a little about the business before he died. But I have only just started in here, and if you give me the job it will be my first, still, I think I can handle it all right, with the help of a first-class builder, whom I know."

"Honest," said Mr. Ransley. "Honest and enterprising both. I tell you what you do, boy. Here are the keys of the cottage. Go down there and make me an estimate of what it will cost to put the place in thorough repair. Don't be afraid of expense. If you have any improvements in the arrangement of rooms to suggest, why do so. You had better make me a little plan in that case. You can call me out of the show, to-night, and I will give you an answer then and there, for I shall make some inquiries around town about you during the day, and my mind will be made up whether I care to trust the job in your hands or not. Good day. See you later. Remember what I tell you, now; don't be afraid of expense."

Thus saying Mr. Ransley walked off up the lane, leaving Will and Harry staring after him, too much surprised to know what to say.

"By thunder, you are starting in well, Will!" exclaimed Harry, as the circus manager turned out of the lane.

"It's almost too good to be true," replied Will.

"You are going to tackle the contract, though?"

"If I can get it, you bet I am! I'm going to make my estimate first."

"Of course. When are you going down to the cottage?"

"Right away after dinner. I've got to see old man Middleton first."

"Oh, I see your game, Will. My father says, what old man Middleton don't know about the building business, isn't worth knowing."

"That's right. If he would only keep sober."

"He's just your man. Drive ahead! I believe you will make a go of it. Blest if I don't like this idea of yours, this working for Will."

Harry left soon after, and having explained the situation to his mother, Will started up on Main street to see if he could find old Middleton in one of the saloons.

He was just passing the bank when a pretty little pony and phaeton came rattling up, and Miss Tenie Eagleton jumped out.

"Oh, Will!" she exclaimed. "I am so glad I met you."

I—I was just coming down to your house. I—I—Will, I don't know what to say. You were always so polite to me, and—and—last night you were so brave and you made me so ashamed of myself for offering you that dollar, that——"

Tenie paused abruptly. She was terribly excited, her plump cheeks grew red and white by turns, and she seemed very much confused.

Will could not imagine what she was driving at, but he might have guessed if he had looked around.

The fat detective was coming toward him on the right and the thin one on the left.

Although Tenie saw the men, she did not know them, and before Will could more than blurt out something about it being of no consequence about the dollar, she broke in with:

"Will, I won't believe you guilty. I know you never did it. I said I would warn you, and that's what I am here for now. You must leave town right away. They are going to arrest you, Will!"

"Arrest me!" cried Will in amazement. "It can't be possible! Good gracious, Tenie, I know no more about the bank robbery than the man in the moon."

"I'm sure you don't," replied Tenie eagerly. "That's what I told father. But you must go away. They will put you in jail if you don't."

"Never! I wouldn't leave town for a thousand dollars, with this charge hanging over me!" said Will.

"No, for you won't have a chance, young feller!" cried a coarse voice behind him. "Here, put up your paws till I snap on de bracelets. I arrest you on charge of robbing the Wellington Bank!"

It was the fat detective—he of the big diamond.

Quicker than lightning he snapped the handcuffs on poor Will.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### OUT ON BAIL.

Will tried to get excited over his arrest, but to save himself he couldn't make out.

"It is all so perfectly absurd," he said to the detective.

"I don't know any more about the bank defalcation than you do, but I suppose I shall have to do whatever you say."

Quite a crowd had gathered by this time.

Tenie Eagleton had gone as far in the matter as she dared, although she was just the sort of girl who would have liked to walk with Will Long to the lock-up, to show her belief in his innocence.

But to do such a thing she knew would make her father very angry, so the kind-hearted girl jumped into the pony phaeton and drove away.

"Where are you going to take me?" asked Will. "Am I booked for jail?"

"I reckon you are, later in the day," replied the detective.

"We are going to the lock-up now."

They started down Main street, followed by a large crowd.

Rumor of Will Long's arrest had spread like wildfire.

People stared at the boy out of their windows, and came crowding out of the store doors to see him pass.

(To be continued.)



## NEWS PARAGRAPHS

So great has been the rise in the price of pearls during the last fifteen years that it is estimated by a writer in the *Revue*, Paris, that a necklace bought for \$900,000 at the end of the nineteenth century might now be expected to fetch \$1,000,000. With the constant increase of wealth the value of pearls is likely to continue to increase, and a good collection may be regarded as one of the most profitable of investments.

Captain Alfred Brown, of New York, who claims the champion long-distance swimming championship of the world, swam the Gatun Lake November 22. He covered the twenty-four miles in 12 hours and 30 minutes. He started at Gatun Locks at 5:25 o'clock this morning. He finished just below Gamboa, at the entrance to Culebra cut, in good condition, and was the first man to negotiate these waters. The intention of Brown was to swim the entire length of the canal, from Cristobal to Balboa, but Colonel Goethals declined to have the lock gates opened for him. At the request of the New York American correspondent, Colonel Goethals granted permission for Brown to swim the lake.

Probably the heaviest cat in America died lately at the Episcopal Rectory in West Park, Ulster County, Kingston, N. Y. His name was Easter C. Searing, he weighed thirty pounds and was born at Scottsville, N. Y., March 30, 1902. Easter was a very docile, affectionate cat, seldom in fear of man or beast, although by no means a combative animal. He was born on Easter Sunday, and as he was the only young inmate of the rectory his letters and postals were addressed as above. He has received more epistles and packages than any other cat in the country and was as well remembered at Christmastide as other members of the family. He died in a good old age and is buried in the church grounds.

Miss Mabel Murdick, eighteen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Murdick, who lives on a farm near Mendham, N. J., is in a serious condition at her home as a result of a fright she received a few days ago. Her brother Harry went out with a large top basket to gather ferns to be used to decorate the dinner table. The boy gathered the ferns and went to a pond near by to spend an hour fishing, leaving the basket open. After catching a few sunfish he returned to the basket, closed it and took it home. While Miss Murdick was filling the fern dish she pulled out a large fern from the basket and from it fell a black snake. The girl screamed and swooned. She had attacks of hysteria for three days and refused to eat or drink. Her hair above her ears has turned gray. Doctors have been unable to find a successful treatment for her.

One of the few battles between swordfish recorded at Boston was witnessed by the chief refrigerator officer of the fruit steamer *Limon*. Officer Johansen says the con-

test took place near Nantucket Lightship. The first thing which drew his attention to the water was the unusual number of dead fish floating on the surface as far as he could see. A marine glass showed him a giant swordfish feeding among the floating bodies. In a few minutes a second swordfish appeared and thrust himself into the first fish's territory. Suddenly swordfish No. 1 made a vicious lunge at the intruder, and the water frothed and foamed. What Johansen could see of the fencing was wonderful, he said. The two fishes thrust and parried like duelists. The water about the fighting monsters was dyed a dark red by the blood from the sword wounds. All at once, said Johansen, what he took to be swordfish No. 1 freed itself from the fight long enough to gather itself for a blow, and, quick as a flash, it struck, running its heavy sword through the body of the enemy.

Following a fashion that seems now to be much in vogue, that of making the "smallest steam engine in the world," an American inventor has produced a horizontal engine that is truly a marvel, not only because of its diminutive size, but on account of the extreme delicacy and refinement of its parts, says *Popular Mechanics*. This engine, which is a perfect working model of a horizontal reciprocating engine, is 9-16 of an inch long and 5-16 of an inch wide over all. The diameter of the flywheel is 5-16 of an inch and that of the driving pulley 1-16 inch. Some of the parts are so minute as to be scarcely visible, and were made with the aid of a microscope and the finest of jewelers' tools. The throttle valve is a diminutive globe valve, perfect in shape and finish. While this engine is made as a steam engine, it will be impossible to run it as such, owing to the cylinder condensation of the steam, and compressed air will be used as a motive power. It has been given a rating by the inventor of "one flea power."

John Balinski, of West Warren, Conn., captured in the Quaboag River, a mile below Willimantic, a giant eel with a dog collar on its neck. The eel was forty-seven inches long, as large around the body as the wrist of an ordinary-sized man, and weighed thirteen pounds. Balinski killed the eel in low water, it evidently having been caught in the pool where it was captured when the tide went out. The collar, of the sort worn by a small dog, was securely locked about its neck, and so tight as to cause the skin to bulge out around the edge. The initials "W. R. C." and the name "Prince" were engraved on a silver nameplate. The eel's back was badly scarred, showing where it had been speared on various occasions. Four fishhooks with lines attached were found in the monster's mouth. "It was almost impossible for me to hold the eel after I grabbed it," said Balinski, "for it would twist and squirm about in my hands with ease. I finally got it between two stones, and, drawing my knife, cut its throat. About the only thing it is good for is to chop it up and feed it to the chickens. The collar I will keep as a souvenir."



## INTERESTING TOPICS

### STUCK IN PITCH.

Several barrels of pitch had been unloaded in a vacant lot, in Hopkinsville, Ky., and Inez Moore, 12 years old, was playing on top of them. She did not notice that the head of one barrel was off, and stepped into the sticky mass, which had been heated by the sun. She sank to her knees, and all efforts to extricate her failed for over an hour. Finally she was worked out of the pitch, until her shoe laces could be cut, and she could pull her feet out. The shoes were never recovered, and a garden fork and ax that were used in trying to chop her out are also still firmly fastened in the pitch.

### ARLINGTON STATION RECEIVES RADIO-TELEGRAPH TIME SIGNALS FROM EIFFEL TOWER.

After many weeks of labor and elaborate preparations, which included sending an American commission to Paris and the coming of a French commission to Washington, the naval observatory here has succeeded in receiving the time signals from the observatory of Paris by radio-telegraphy via the Eiffel Tower station there and the Arlington station here. The signals are for longitude determination. The signals have been flashed back and forth for three weeks, but without much success until last night, when the beats of the Paris clock were received here. The beats were compared with those of the Washington clock for some minutes by the method of "coincidences."

The season of the year when conditions are best for radio work is now coming on, and it is expected that the work planned by the experts will be carried on without interruption.

### INDIANS SHOWED GOOD JUDGMENT IN SELECTION OF LOCATIONS.

The historical records of the development of western Canada contain many interesting narrations in connection with the Hudson's Bay trading posts.

The company, which was established in 1760, by a charter of Charles II., had the monopoly of the fur trade from Lake Superior and Hudson Bay out to the Pacific. The whole territory was divided into districts and the company employed at one time 3,000 traders, agents, voyagers, besides many thousands of Indians.

Each district had its trading post the site of which depended upon the physical characteristics of the territory, and in the selection of these sites the advice of the aboriginal guides was invariably taken. It was only natural that the posts should have been built in those parts offering the easiest access to the surrounding country and it is a curious thing wherever those old warrior chiefs selected a site it has become or is destined to be the great centre of that particular district.

Fort Garry, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Fort Fraser, Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert are prominent among the cities which have sprung up in the identical positions chosen close upon 250 years ago by the Northern American natives.

The trails which in those days naturally led over the easiest grades to the territory surrounding these posts are to-day in many instances the highways and byways which are opening up the large agricultural and industrial centres of the West. The annals of the times show that land in close proximity to the Hudson's Bay posts at one time or another changed hands for a mere song.

### DEATH VALLEY.

The recent death of Peter A. Busch, a Colorado miner, in Death Valley, recalls many instances of the treachery of that portion of California which was denominated by the early tribal Indians as the "Valley of Fire."

The Piutes, Washoes and other tribes in early days condemned their criminals to the country surrounding Death Valley. When an outlaw Indian violated the most sacred laws of his tribe he was condemned to the "Valley of Fire," where he was expected soon to perish.

Of the hundreds of bodies found in Death Valley, where men perished from heat and thirst, they are almost universally naked to the waist. The trail made by the men before death also shows a circuitous course.

At a certain stage, after being attacked by the heat, the person begins to run and claw at his breast. First his hat is abandoned. Then he begins to claw at his shirt, and finally tears it from him.

Then he turns in a circuitous route and narrows the circuit until finally he falls exhausted in a heap and never rises again. Delirium comes on instantly.

It is at this point that the victim begins to tear at his upper garments and run. It is presumed that the terrible suffering from the heat and thirst feels like a load on his lungs and makes breathing difficult, and that the victim imagines by running he is getting away from the thing and that in clawing off his upper garments he is releasing the weight.

Scientists who have visited Death Valley in warm weather and had a touch of the heat state that the extraordinary effect of the heat there is caused by the peculiar situation of Death Valley. It is from 100 to 400 feet below sea level and is shut in on all sides by high mountains.

The Panamints range shuts out the moist air from the Pacific Ocean, and the Funeral and Grapevine ranges shut out the wind from the slight vegetation on the eastern side, so that the only wind that reaches Death Valley and the atmosphere of that region is the driest of all places on earth; that it absorbs from every living thing, both human and vegetable, every particle of moisture.

This is illustrated by the fact that at certain places in Death Valley, when the thermometer is at its highest—often 137 degrees in the shade—a man never can satiate his thirst. As soon as he takes the canteen from his lips the thirst returns just as strong as ever.

When the system is drained of all moisture the brain yields, the victim's eyes stare like a madman's and he runs his circuitous course to death.



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### MILK IN RED BOTTLES.

The discovery is said to have been made that milk kept in red bottles will remain sweet and pure longer than when kept in plain glass or other colored bottles. Experiments have been made with the spectrum to determine which of the rays of light affect milk, and it has been found that it is the rays toward the violet and of the spectrum that do the mischief. The red ray is stronger and more penetrating and probably has some neutralizing effect upon the lacteal microbe. If experiments confirm the theory that the red bottle preserves milk better than the bottle now in use the red bottle should be adopted generally.

### BIG FOREIGN TRADE GAIN.

Enormous growth in the foreign trade of the United States for the nine months ended with September, as compared with a similar period in 1912, is shown by figures made public by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of the Department of Commerce. The total value of exports of manufactured goods for the first nine months of this year amounted to \$1,133,058,772, compared with \$1,052,676,840 for the same months in 1912, an increase of \$80,381,932.

Exports of foodstuffs partly or wholly manufactured increased more than \$17,000,000, manufactures for further use in manufacturing over \$26,000,000, and manufactures finished, ready for use, nearly \$37,000,000.

A comparison of the import and export statistics of these goods shows a large balance of trade in favor of the United States in each class.

The United Kingdom, with purchases of nearly \$389,000,000, keeps far in the lead as the best customer of the United States. Canada is second, with purchases of over \$313,700,000; Germany third, with \$222,200,000, and France fourth, with \$90,000,000.

### MOST POPULAR PRISON.

At the closing session of the fourteenth New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections, held recently, William J. Homer, warden of the Great Meadow prison, at Comstock, N. Y., reviewed the methods employed by him in handling prisoners. He credited an "unwritten code of prison ethics" as the controlling influence. This code, he said, was seldom violated, for the prisoners were taught that to betray the trust reposed in them by the prison authorities reflected upon the integrity of every other inmate.

"No physical punishment is inflicted on any prisoner in Great Meadow," continued Mr. Homer, "and they are permitted to walk over an area of three miles with only a few guards, none of whom is armed. Great Meadow prison is the objective point of every inmate confined in a state prison, and they are selected for transfer to it because of good behavior. The most potent factor in controlling the

refractory members is the fear of a transfer to another prison."

In the prison of the future, according to Mr. Homer, those who transgress the law will not be treated as dangerous members of society. The time and money so spent will show better results than are now found.

### POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

Postal savings banks, of which Uncle Sam now has 13,000 in round numbers, are accumulating deposits at the rate of about \$1,000,000 a month. The development of these banks is an interesting study alike in finance and administration. National banks opposed the bill vigorously for years, but they are helped rather than hindered by the law. The Government turns over to the local banks all over deposits collected, receiving from the banks 2½ per cent interest and paying their own depositors 2 per cent interest. This margin of one-half of one per cent is not quite paying the Government for the cost of operation, but may do so eventually. It is the general opinion that postal savings banks depositors do not care so much about the interest as they do for a safe place in which to deposit their earnings.

About a third of the present postal savings banks—in other words, about 4,000—never should have been established. Authorities at the Postoffice Department wish the savings accounts in those offices could be closed out, for it costs just as much to circularize and otherwise administer the affairs of a postal savings bank where the deposits are \$2 in the course of a couple of months as it does to perform the same duties for a postal savings bank that carries \$100,000 worth of accounts.

Mistakes were made at first in establishing the banks. Postmasters wanted the banks because they were something new and popular. Pressure was brought to bear upon Washington, and Mr. Hitchcock, then Postmaster-General, yielded to appeals of his friends out through the States. Following that era, orders went forth to establish the banks in numbers, and for a while something like 1,000 banks a month were started. The towns were picked from the map and from the Postal Guide, population and receipts being standards for action. Now it often happens that a town of 10,000 people has less need of a postal savings bank than a little community of a few hundreds. The old settled towns and small cities of the East, with good banking facilities and very few foreign-born residents, have little concern for postal savings. In the West, where banking facilities are not so extended, postal savings banks flourish. Deposits of postal savings at the Baltimore Postoffice are about \$70,000; at the Portland, Ore., Postoffice something like \$1,000,000. Up the Hudson River, along the route of the new aqueduct for New York City, are thousands of foreign laborers. Those little postoffices have been doing a rushing bank business. The Postoffice Department is trying to keep up intelligently with such developments and put the banks where they are most needed and will be most used.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1913.

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## ITEMS OF CURRENT NEWS

Charles R. Franklin, of Greenfield, Mass., a hunter, killed a white deer on Mount Washington the other day. It was the first killed in the Berkshires in recent years. Franklin saw two white deer on the mountain, but the law allowed him to kill only one. It was a doe and weighed 155 pounds.

In a pair of fine shoes there are two sewed pieces, two inner soles, two stiffenings, two pieces of steel to give a spring to the instep, twelve heel pieces, two sole linings, twenty upper pieces, thirty tacks, twelve nails in the heel, and twenty buttons, to say nothing of thread, both silk and flax; but the wonder is found in the rapidity with which these multitudinous pieces are combined in a single complete work, for, as an experiment, some of our shoe factories have from the leather completed a pair of shoes in less than an hour and a half, and as a test a single pair of men's shoes have been finished in twenty minutes.

A well from which two different kinds of water can be drawn is the novelty which Peter Fuhrmann has on his place, at River Rapids, Mich. When drilling the well at the depth of eighty-five feet Fuhrmann struck a vein of mineral water with a salty taste. He piped the vein and a continual flow of water resulted. Desiring clear drinking water, Fuhrmann continued to drill, and at a depth of 260 feet he struck a flow of water as clear as crystal. This was also piped and by the use of valves the same pipe gives forth either a laxative sulphur water or the clear, cold water of the deeper vein.

The ashes of Charles Printzlau, of Baltimore, Md., amateur stamp collector, who died fourteen months ago, may yet rest beneath a monument bearing the epitaph chosen by himself: "He was a good fellow." The annual dinner in his memory, with a toast to "The Good Fellow," will not be held. The will of Printzlau made numerous bequests and asked for a monument to his memory with the above quoted epitaph and an annual dinner at which he should be toasted as "a good fellow." It was discovered that the only estate he possessed was 15,000 stamps, which he had spent his life collecting and which he had told

friends were worth \$15,000. The executors have been trying vainly for the last year to find some stamp dealer willing to pay that sum. Until the stamps are sold the memorial feast and monument must wait.

Baseball managers and players of a quarter of a century ago received salaries that appear ridiculous as compared with the fabulous sums which those of to-day are said to receive, according to information brought to light by a Chicago sporting writer. "Cap" Adrian Anson is said to have received the princely sum of \$2,700 for managing the Chicago White Stockings in 1888, the year after he had finished the season with a batting average of .421. And of this amount \$700 represented his services as acting captain and manager of the team, the major portion being his salary as a player. R. E. Smith, of Chicago, claims to possess the contract. Smith also has the contracts signed by N. Fred Pfeiffer and Edward N. Williamson when they consented to play in the Brotherhood League in 1889. These two players were talked of at that time as the greatest in the game. The Chicago club paid Williamson \$3,000, while Pfeiffer, one of the greatest of all second basemen, received only \$2,000 and the score-card privilege.

The latest news from South Africa is that a Natal man is so confident of having discovered a remedy against the tsetse fly that he has accepted a contract to transport the Portuguese military stores through the infected district on the backs of bullocks. If he has, that man is worthy of a monument as big as Table Mountain, for he has removed the only great obstacle to the settlement and civilization of vast regions, where the one pest is not fever, or Kaffirs, or heat, but the bite of an insect not larger than the horse fly, and not unlike it. Harmless to man, large game, and goats, it is death to horses, oxen, dogs, and in most cases to donkeys. A few days suffice to end the life of the bitten beast. An examination of the body exhibits the extraordinary changes which the speck of venom has wrought. Among other transformations, the blood is thin, small in quantity, and so colorless that it will scarcely stain paper. No cure, no preventive of much value has yet been found. Lion's fat and milk and manure smeared over the threatened victims modify the attacks. But inoculation has no effect.

In line with his policy of utilizing navy stations and yards in the South, where large expenditures have been made for buildings, Secretary Daniels has decided to establish at the Charleston Navy Yard a manufacturing plant for the production of such parts of marine and naval militia uniforms that can be economically made there. The Secretary has made a thorough investigation of the cost of making such articles on contract or in the open market, and finds that the Government can effect a large saving by doing the work itself. Labor conditions and the proximity to Southern cotton mills promise more than ordinary economy in a plant at Charleston, and the money is available to install the machinery required. The plan accords with the Secretary's determination to ask Congress for as little money as possible for buildings at Navy Yards and shore stations. Mr. Daniels said to-day that the new shops at Charleston would not curtail operations in the shops at New York or Philadelphia.



# THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

## RECORD SALE OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

The postmaster at Philadelphia is taking no chances of running short of postage stamps for Christmas business. He has just ordered 90,230,000 stamps, valued at \$1,696,000, the largest single order ever made by a postmaster. In July, 1912, the Chicago postmaster sent in a requisition for 71,800,000 stamps, valued at \$1,538,000, establishing a record, now broken by Philadelphia.

## TREE DEEP UNDER EARTH.

An entire tree with bark in a splendid state of preservation was uncovered sixty-seven feet below the surface of the ground while workmen were digging a shaft for a coal mine at Boone, Ia. Iowa arboriculturists have been unable to classify the wood as belonging to any tree now known. The tree, about six inches in diameter, lay squarely across the shaft and the workmen were forced to cut it in two places, the central portion only being recovered. The theory is that the tree was thrown to the ground in a pre-glacial age and was covered with water suddenly, the air being permanently shut out in this manner and decay prevented.

## BALL OF HAIR IS FOUND IN STOMACH OF A WOMAN.

Without doubt one of the strangest discoveries made as the result of a surgical operation came to light when a farmer's wife, residing in the town of Poniatowski, Marathon County, Wis., submitted to an operation at St. Joseph's Hospital, Marshfield.

It was at first supposed that the invalid was suffering from a tumor, but the surgeon's knife revealed a far different ailment. A bunch of human hair weighing nearly one and a half pounds was taken from the patient's stomach. So closely was the hair matted together that it resembled a solid ball.

One of the theories advanced by physicians is that the hair was taken into the stomach by the invalid when she was in a delirium during an attack of typhoid fever quite a while ago. Another theory is that they are loosened hairs from the strands as she would hold them crossed in her mouth when dressing.

She has suffered from stomach trouble for some time, but the nature of the trouble was not suspected. She is twenty-five years old and has four children.

## FOOTBALL'S TOLL, 14 DEAD.

Fourteen killed and 175 injured players comprise the levy exacted by football during the season of 1913, which practically closed November 22. This record of fatalities exceeds that of 1912, when thirteen players met death and 183 were injured.

These figures are taken from press reports, which often do not give the full number of injured. The 175 injured represent only those who were incapacitated for several

days at least. Only two college players were killed. Vernon Belyea, left halfback on the Norwich University team, was the first victim of the season. During a round end run in a game with Holy Cross on September 24, Belyea was tackled and thrown heavily to the ground. He was carried from the field and was found to have a broken spine. He died three days later.

Homer H. Wray, a student at Gettysburg College, died Friday night from the effects of an injury received in a football game between the Gettysburg and Dickinson College reserve teams at Carlisle three weeks ago. Wray's chest was hurt. Abscesses formed in the lungs and caused his death.

## ENTITLED TO FORTIFY CANAL.

In connection with the discussion of the declaration a few days ago by Charles Stuart Nairne in an address in London before the Royal United Service Institution that "despite the Hay-Pauncefote treaty the world is now faced by a fortified Panama Canal," it was pointed out at Washington recently by officials interested that, while the treaty itself did not specifically give the United States the right to fortify the canal, the correspondence which passed on the subject at the time between the British and American negotiators showed most unmistakably that Great Britain conceded the right.

As originally drawn, the treaty contained a definite proviso that "no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent." This was omitted from the final draft, however—"purposely left out," Senator Lodge declared in discussing the matter. "The omission of the prohibition of fortifications in the second treaty," he added, "was considered all-sufficient."

The fact that the United States under the treaty is called upon to maintain the neutrality of the canal in time of war as well as in time of peace, and, furthermore, the specific language of the treaty that "the United States shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder," it is asserted here, make the right to fortify clear. As to large fortifications with big modern guns constituting "policing," it is argued that there can be no other proper interpretation. The "policing" could not be done without force equal to the task of maintaining neutrality against any odds.

"Now that the United States has become the practical sovereign of the canal," said Sir Edward Grey in a communication which he submitted to the American Government on the canal tolls question, "his Majesty's Government does not question its title to exercise belligerent rights for its protection." He added that "it certainly was not the intention of his Majesty's Government that any responsibility for the protection of the canal should attach to them in the future."

To date \$3,000,000 has been appropriated for the defense of the canal against naval attack and \$200,000 for land defenses.



### THE GERMAN OCARINO.

A handsome metal instrument, made in Germany, from which peculiar but sweet music can be produced. Its odd shape, which resembles a torpedo boat, will attract much attention. We send instructions with each instrument, by the aid of which anyone can in a short time play any tune and produce very sweet music on this odd-looking instrument. Price, 10c. by mail, postpaid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

### THE GREAT FIRE EATER.

A great Sensational Trick of the Day! With the Fire Eater in his possession any person can become a perfect salamander, apparently breathing fire and ejecting thousands of brilliant sparks from his mouth, to the horror and consternation of all beholders. Harmless fun for all times, seasons and places. If you wish to produce a decided sensation in your neighborhood don't fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. Price of all complete only 15c., or 4 boxes for 50c., mailed postpaid; one dozen by express \$1.20.

N. B.—Full printed instructions for performing the trick accompany each box, which also contains sufficient material for giving several exhibitions. **H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.**

### ITCH POWDER.

Gee whiz! What fun you can have with this stuff. Moisten the tip of your finger, tap it on the contents of the box, and a little bit will stick. Then shake hands with your friend, or drop a speck down his back. In a minute he will feel as if he had the seven years' itch. It will make him scratch, rear, squirm and make faces. But it is perfectly harmless, as it is made from the seeds of wild roses. The horrible itch stops in a few minutes, or can be checked immediately by rubbing the spot with a wet cloth. While it is working, you will be apt to laugh your suspender buttons off. The best joke of all. Price 10 cents a box, by mail, postpaid. **WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.**

### SNAKES IN THE GRASS



Something entirely new, consisting of six large cones, each one nearly one inch in height. Upon lighting one of these cones with a match, you see something similar to a 4th of July exhibition of fireworks. Sparks fly in every direction, and as the cone burns down it throws out and is surrounded with what appears to be grass; at the same time a large snake uncoils himself from the burning cone and lazily stretches out in the grass, which at last burns to ashes but the snake remains as a curiosity unharmed. They are not at all dangerous and can be set off in the parlor if placed on some metal surface that will not burn. An ordinary dust pan answers the purpose nicely. Price of the six cones, packed in sawdust, in a strong wooden box, only 10c., 3 boxes for 25c., 1 dozen boxes 75c., sent by mail postpaid.

**M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.**

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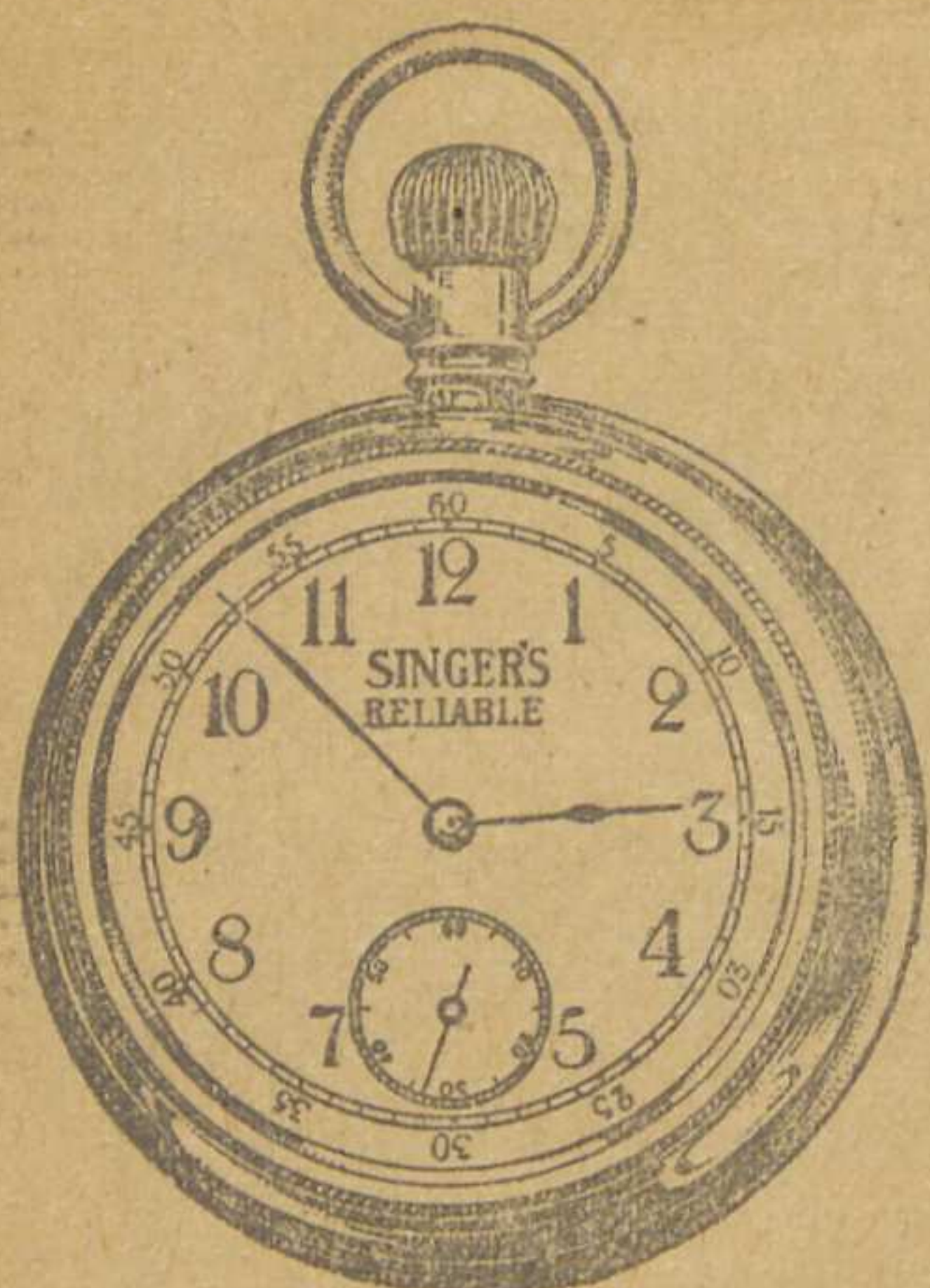
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# PLUCK AND LUCK

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